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ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT WINDSOR: THE MAYOR PRESENTING AN ADDRESS.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the excellent speech delivered by the Lord Chief Justice at the dinner of Old Etonians there were some admirable anecdotes of Dr. Keate. Someone had suggested during the reign of that autocratic potentate that Christianity was not so much cultivated in his establishment as the classics, and especially that the endeavour to be "pure in heart" was not sufficiently attended to. The doctor accordingly addressed his boys upon this point: "Be pure in heart, or" (with sudden energy) "I'll flog you!" As he once flogged a whole class of examinees for confirmation, who he thought had come up for punishment, there is no doubt that he meant to keep his word. What now seems very curious, no parent of any of these unfortunate victims seems to have remonstrated on the occasion of that outrageous mistake. The Lord Chief Justice recalled with unctious that he had himself been often "swished" at Eton, and by no means darkly hinted that Mr. Gladstone had been tarred with the same brush, or, as he more delicately expressed it, "received his finishing touches" from Dr. Keate's birch. Indeed, as an economist, he could hardly have failed to derive that advantage, since at that time three guineas a year were paid for "birch," whether used or not, and he would naturally have got his money's worth. There is no time, indeed, that I remember where the fact of being "swished" at Eton was thought disgraceful, though the offence for which it was the punishment might, of course, have been so. This is the more remarkable since no presentment of the actual operation could possibly appear in the *Illustrated London News*. What is stranger still, though the Aristocracy do not object to their sons being swished, the Arrystocracy (to borrow a felicitous contrast from Mr. *Punch*) will not even permit their offspring to be caned. A mother called on the head master of a Board-school the other day, and inquired, "Was it you as caned my boy?" He imprudently replied that it was; whereupon the lady exclaimed, "Then I shall cane *you*," and proceeded to do it. Conceive the Lady Elgiva Plantagenet going down to Eton with a birch up her fashionable sleeve, and "swishing" the head master for swishing her Bertie or her Algy!—a picture for the Royal Academy which would be entirely free from the doubt that clouds that of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

What at this season astonishes the New Yorker in London above everything is the beauty and freshness of its gardens, especially in the newer parts of the town. Leigh Hunt tells us that there are few places in the city from which a tree is not somewhere visible. One fears that this is not now the case, for, though there is a general solicitude unknown to our ancestors to preserve grass and trees in that wilderness of brick and mortar, it comes too late; but long before we reach what are called the suburbs there are many large gardens, made free of the dust and turmoil of the streets by the simple plan of putting them at the backs of the houses instead of the front. How many years it took our sagacious builders to discover this method is hard to say, but the inhabitants not only of all our ancient squares, but of all our more fashionable ones, are cut off from their gardens by the street. If they have the hardihood to enter them and play at tennis, a hundred strangers watch them through the rails and bestow unwelcome applause; the thunder of wheel and hoof destroys the quiet of these enclosures, and the dust cloud settles upon leaf and flower. But in the new squares the privacy of the gardens is secured, and their maturer tenants enjoy a good imitation of the country in their balconies every summer evening, while the more violent delights of lawn-tennis are indulged in by their offspring below. The liking for out-of-door life among the middle classes, which has been so developed of late years in London, owes much of its increase to these urban oases and the habits they engender.

Our London cemeteries have made equal strides with its gardens. Notwithstanding the irremediable crowding of the graves, they are far more beautiful resting-places than when these were fewer; even the style of monument is improved, while the growing custom of planting flowers, instead of merely placing wreaths or bouquets on the slab, makes the place of tombs bloom like the rose. Every summer afternoon a most touching spectacle is presented in these formerly little-visited God's-acres. Every tenth or twelfth grave has a water-pot attached to it, and those who have buried their dear ones use it for the flowers their loving hands have planted over their remains. These gardeners, all in mourning, are not so sad a sight as one might imagine, for their work is evidently a labour of love. They are generally women, but not always: that widower yonder comes with his daughter weekly to pay his tender tribute to wife and mother; those two sons have made a perfect bower of their mother's grave; and there is a young fellow all alone who hoped to have passed his life with one who, though beneath the turf, has not, perhaps, ceased to love him. To judge by the appearance of their sorrowing relatives, none of these lost ones were "smart" people, but they seem to have been regretted, nevertheless.

In connection with the vexed question of editor and contributor at present in course of discussion, I came upon a letter of Charles Dickens's the other day—for sufficient reasons, marked (as regards his correspondent) "anonymous"—which puts the matter as well as it can be put. It was written a quarter of a century ago, but is as well worth reading and laying to heart by those concerned as ever. No man had a greater patience with his contributors than he had, nor a quicker eye to recognise merit, nor a more willing heart to welcome it; but there were then, as now, "impossible" literary volunteers whom he was compelled to discourage. He also resented the notion, from his love of his own calling and indignation at its being so misrepresented, of literature being a close borough. What must have made the task harder in this particular case was the necessity of saying

"No" to a lady. "You make an absurd, though common mistake, dear Madam, in supposing that any human creature can help you to be an authoress if you cannot become one in virtue of your own powers. I know nothing about 'impenetrable barriers,' 'outsiders,' and charmed circles. I know that anyone who can write what is suitable to the requirements of my journal, for instance, is a person I am heartily glad to discover, and do not very often find. . . . If you offer me anything for insertion in it you may be sure that it will be promptly read, and that it will be judged by no test but its own merits and adaptability. But I am bound to add that I do not regard successful fiction as a thing to be achieved 'in leisure moments.'" Like everything else that Dickens gave his mind to, his treatment of the subject can hardly be bettered; and, oh! that the congeners of her he addressed would lay his wise words to heart!

A correspondent writes: "Don't mind being called names for not being able to see through a telescope. I never could see through a microscope myself; it hurts my eye so and makes my brain go round. Until lately I thought this was a drawback; on the contrary, it is a distinct advantage. The other evening I went to a scientific soirée. This sort of 'swarry' is not 'a leg of mutton and trimmings,' but pabulum of a most intellectual kind, so much so that not one tenth of the guests have the least idea what is set before them. Eminent persons, however, sit at little tables, and instruct the visitor in that department of science in which they are experts, each lesson being illustrated by some ingenious experiment. I had been pretty lucky in avoiding all these, but at last the glittering eye of a gentleman with a microscope caught me, and held me in thrall. I knew it would be no good, but did not dare say so, and submitted. He adjusted the enormous machine, and asked me what I saw through it. I answered modestly that I saw nothing. 'Quite right,' he said, to my great relief; but instantly added (which depressed me very much), 'I will now place this crystal upon the object-glass. What is it that you see *now*?' His tone was so triumphant that I was almost ashamed to speak. Still, I couldn't tell a lie, my mind for the moment being, as usual, utterly dazed and paralysed by the instrument; so, though with fear and trembling, I managed to reply, 'I see no more than I did before; I see nothing.' 'Quite right,' he said, evidently pleased with me; 'that is the peculiarity of the crystal.' Then some other people came, and I crept away. He was afterwards good enough to observe that of all the visitors that evening to whom he had exhibited this wonder of science, I was the only one who had shown the spirit of truth, which all comes of losing your senses as well as all powers of vision when you are asked to look through a microscope."

It is, on all accounts, a matter of congratulation that the American Copyright Bill has taken effect in this country without a hitch, which the supineness of our Government seemed to have rendered possible; but it is especially fortunate for it. If things had gone wrong they would have had to contend with quite new adversaries—the novelists; a peaceful race when let alone, and concerning themselves little in political matters, but when wronged capable of vengeance. There are some gentle tribes in those "summer Edens" of the West who will bear anything but an abduction of a female relative, when they rise as one man and scrape the aggressor to death with oyster-shells; and the Society of Authors would have acted in a similar manner had their dearest interests been imperilled. Indeed, one of them, a highly distinguished sensational writer, has to my certain knowledge been sharpening his pen for the last six months with a view to this possible contingency. He has been studying the political articles in the daily papers—a kind of reading hitherto unknown to him—with the view of raking together their abusive epithets, and he compiled such a selection from them as was never before in the possession of any one individual. He called them his "stinkpots" (a Chinese missile used in naval warfare), and every one of them would have been launched at the "base and brutal Government" whose neglect had deprived him of his dues. They would not have been thrown in that reckless manner used by leader-writers, but artfully combined with the most attractive fiction, just as though with the "kisses" from the pastrycook should be wrapped up the most stinging epigrams instead of "mottos." Personally, I believe he is almost sorry that matters have gone smoothly with the Bill, and deprived him of the opportunity of showing his skill in this new species of composition. He was similarly unfortunate when Congress passed the Bill, for, being fully convinced that it wouldn't, he had begun a series of articles against Americans in general and their politicians in particular, which are now on his hands, and the only things he has ever written which he is willing to sell cheap.

The author of "Mademoiselle Ixe" has given us some more duodecimo stories, under the title of "The Hôtel d'Angleterre." She has the rare art of writing, as children say, "about nothing" to admiration. There is no plot, no scene, no situation, and yet the narratives are interesting and graphically told. They resemble the stories of an accomplished raconteur told "across the walnuts and the wine" rather than contributions to literature. There is not a word too much in them, and, indeed, if fault is to be found, it is the other way. They are more like samples of stories than stories themselves; but, as compared with the verbosity and tediousness of much of our light literature, they are agreeable and refreshing. Above all, they all end happily. No one finds the world so intolerable that he is compelled to leave it in some novel fashion; the lovers do not even perish hand in hand, so that in death they may not be divided. In preference to such a course of conduct, when they find any insurmountable barrier to their union, each of them marries somebody else, and lives equally "happy ever afterwards" with him or her. There is no "sensation" in their behaviour, but a most unusual supply of common-sense.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

A double and even a triple interest attaches to Cumberland Lodge in connection with the royal marriage which was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, with so much pomp and circumstance. Cumberland Lodge is the home of the two young Princesses one of whom has just been mated. Here Prince and Princess Christian have spent the quarter of a century of their wedded life, and the day before their daughter's marriage witnessed their own silver wedding. Some glimpses into a household which has suffered no shadow for so many years are afforded by the illustrations, for which we are indebted chiefly to the courtesy of the royal parents. When Princess Helena was married in 1866 to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, some doubts were thrown upon the wisdom of her choice. This is one of the penalties which Princesses have to pay whose domestic attachments are subjected to a national scrutiny. But the course of years has shown that none of the Queen's daughters has enjoyed more unalloyed, though uneventful, happiness than Princess Christian. Her married life has been spent in the shadow of Windsor, remote from political troubles, and is pleasantly symbolic of the tranquillity which has befallen the German duchy to which Prince Christian owes his title. Schleswig-Holstein was the cause of war seven-and-twenty years ago, when it was wrested from Denmark by the united armies of Prussia and Austria; but its absorption into the German Emperor's dominions had a domestic seal in the marriage of Kaiser William with Prince Christian's niece. And of this alliance the most interesting circumstance is that it was at Cumberland Lodge that the young heir to the Imperial throne met his future consort. That the German Empress and her husband should witness the marriage of her youthful cousin, Princess Louise Augusta, at Windsor, is the last link in a chain of coincidences which must be as agreeable in royal families as they are in circles less illustrious.

Rarely has a royal bride been favoured with so splendid a ceremonial. It is no inconsiderable thing to be married in the presence of two of the most powerful sovereigns in the world. To her Majesty the Queen the occasion had a peculiar interest, for this was the second granddaughter whom she has seen happily wedded. How close and tender are the Queen's family ties no Englishman needs to be told. Her reign will be distinguished in history for many things which the country will recall with pride, but for none more conspicuous than the family life which has been the strongest pillar of her throne. Amidst her children and grandchildren, surrounded by the flower of her house, watching the union of two young lives passing together into the sunshine which seems eternal from the altar steps, her Majesty might well have felt her heart lightened of the sorrow of her widowhood. Deep, too, must have been the pride and pleasure of the Imperial grandson, for whom this was the most significant incident of the reunion with his English kindred. Much has been written about the futility of royal alliances in the course of political destiny. Households united by the strongest domestic bonds have been divided on the field of battle. But if Prince Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau had been in a mood which, we admit, is quite impossible to a bridegroom, he might have reflected that his marriage had cemented more than one bond, and that he was playing an historical part much more notable than that of most German princes who wed the daughters of our royal line.

The bride, who was accompanied by her father and brother on either side, and preceded by the Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, was welcomed by the strains of a hymn specially written by the Bishop of Ripon. She wore a dress of white duchesse satin, and a rich lace veil, which some curious eyes observed to be much finer in texture than that which was worn by the Duchess of Fife at her wedding. The bridesmaids were attired in white silk, and carried bouquets of white roses. Prince Aribert was attended by his brothers, Prince Edward of Anhalt and the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt. After the service the bride knelt before the Queen, who kissed her with that simple affection which is fortunately unrestrained by any code of royal etiquette. Then the bride and bridegroom passed into the Green Drawing Room, where the register was signed by the illustrious witnesses, and soon after six o'clock Prince and Princess Aribert departed for Cliveden, the Duke of Westminster's beautiful seat on the Thames, amidst the most enthusiastic demonstration of goodwill from thousands of spectators.

As for the pageant, the hearts of the most ambitious of brides and bridesmaids could not have been discontented with the imposing display in St. George's Chapel. It was a "Collar Day," and every distinguished guest wore the most brilliant insignia. Dazzling uniforms, a bewildering variety of colour in the demi-toilettes, a perfect blaze of jewels, stars, and crosses, made the spectacular side of the ceremony something to be remembered with enthusiasm by the most exacting connoisseur. The severest apostle of simplicity might have been overwhelmed by the splendour of this ceremonial. To the Kaiser the distinct predominance of the German military element could not have failed to be gratifying. English nobles bore themselves bravely in the show. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, the Earl and Countess of Bradford, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Duke of Buccleuch, Countess Dudley, the Earl and Countess of Cadogan, the Earl and Countess of Arran, Countess Grosvenor, Lord and Lady Wantage, the Lord Chamberlain and Lady Lathom, sustained the credit of our aristocracy for the picturesque. A more charming bevy of English bridesmaids than Lady Esther Gore, Lady Emily Cadogan, Lady Edith Ward, Lady Elizabeth Meade, Lady Mabel Egerton, and the Honourable Beatrice Bridgeman was never seen. But the friendly invaders of Teutonic stock, with plumes and helmets, and burnished steel, outshone the rest of the assembly. The Archbishop of Canterbury quoted German with great felicity in his brief and apt address to the wedded pair, and it almost needed the enthusiasm of the Eton boys to restore the balance of power to the English side of the ceremony.







## THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN ENGLAND.

The visit of their Majesties William II., King of Prussia and German Emperor, and his consort Victoria Augusta, Queen and Empress, to our Queen, his grandmother, at Windsor Castle, commenced on Saturday afternoon, July 4, when they arrived at Windsor by railway from Port Victoria, Sheerness, having made their voyage from Rotterdam in the German imperial yacht Hohenzollern, passing up the estuary of the Thames to the Medway. It was a little past noon when the imperial yacht, escorted by the German cruiser Princess Wilhelm, the British cruiser Tartar, and four torpedo-boats, arrived at the port, saluted by the batteries and by a naval squadron under command of Vice-Admiral Curme, the Commander-in-Chief at Sheerness, his flagship, H.M.S. Northampton, being joined there by a detachment of the Channel Squadron. The other ships assembled were H.M.S. Immortalité, Howe, Camperdown, Anson, Aurora, Curlew, Wye, Grasshopper, Satellite, Barracouta, and Gosamer, which were formed in a crescent along a curve of the shore of the Isle of Sheppey. On board the Wildfire, the Admiral's yacht, was Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, attached to the Emperor's suite during his stay, with Captain Hasenclever, the German Naval Attaché, and several other naval officers. We are obliged to Admiral Curme for allowing our Special Artist to witness the fine spectacle from his yacht.

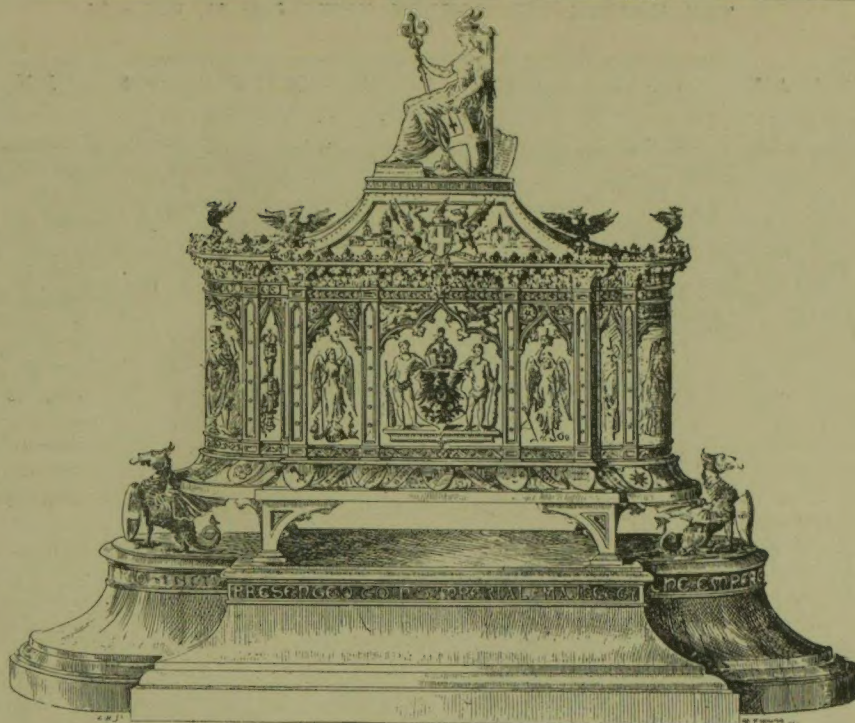
On the pier at Port Victoria was Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, Commander of the Channel Squadron, who was joined there by Admirals Commerell and Curme before the Emperor landed. A special train from London brought down the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, with the German Ambassador, the suite of their Royal Highnesses, and many persons of note, to welcome the Emperor and Empress. They went on board the Hohenzollern to luncheon; the greeting between the Princes and the Emperor, their near relative, on the open deck, was cordially affectionate. His Majesty wore the uniform of a British admiral, with the blue ribbon of the Garter, the gold chain of the Hohenzollern Order, and other decorations; while the Prince of Wales was in the dark-red uniform of a Prussian Hussar regiment, with a pelisse or mantle over his shoulder and a brown bearskin cap; the Duke of Connaught wore that of the Ziethen Hussars, and the Duke of Edinburgh that of a Coburg regiment. The Empress was attired in a striped dress, grey and heliotrope colour. Luncheon was in a pavilion on deck. It was half-past two before the imperial and royal party, landing, started by a special train of the London, Chatham, and Dover

Railway for London. At Waterloo station they passed on to the South-Western Railway for Windsor, amid hearty cheers from people on the platform. Several directors of both railways accompanied the train.

The arrival at Windsor, at a quarter past four o'clock, was most interesting. The imperial visitors were met at the railway-station by the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud; by the Emperor's mother, Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Royal of Great Britain; by Prince and Princess Christian, with their two daughters; Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Aribert of Anhalt. There was a guard of honour of the Scots Guards. Thirteen of the Queen's carriages—the foremost drawn by four fine greys—conveyed the imperial guests and all their Royal Highnesses to Windsor Castle. In the first were the Emperor and his uncles the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught; in the second were the Empress, the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. They drove through Thames Street and High Street, which were lined by the Scots Guards, Grenadier Guards, and Berks Volunteers. Halting near the Guildhall, his Majesty received an address from the Corporation of Windsor, presented by the mayor, Mr. Dyson; and, in reply, the Emperor said: "I am very much obliged to you for your kind welcome and your allusions to my grandmamma, whom I am very pleased to visit, and who has been very kind to me both before and since I occupied the throne." Two little grandchildren of the mayor had bouquets to present to the Empress, but this was accidentally omitted.

The remaining part of the route was kept by the 2nd Life Guards. Entering the quadrangle of the Castle, the Imperial visitors were greeted with music by the band of the Scots Guards. The Earl of Lathom, as Lord Chamberlain, in full dress, stood at the Waterloo door to receive their Majesties. In the hall they were met by her Majesty the Queen. The rest was private; they dined in the evening with the Queen and the royal family. The Emperor, however, inspected the detachment of Scots Guards, in the courtyard of the Castle, immediately after his arrival.

On Sunday his Majesty, with the Prince of Wales,



CASKET PRESENTED TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR BY THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale attended divine service in the forenoon at Trinity Church, the congregation being, as usual there, partly formed of the Household Brigade troops, the 2nd Life Guards, and the 2nd Battalion of Scots Guards, under command of Colonel the Hon. J. C. Vanneck. A sermon was preached by the Rev. Arthur Robins, the rector, and chaplain to the Household troops. The Emperor wore the dark-blue uniform of his own Garde du Corps, the Prince of Wales that of a field marshal, and the other princes were in military uniforms. The remainder of the royal family and their visitors attended the St. George's Chapel service. Prince Aribert of Anhalt and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein came to lunch. In the afternoon the military bands played on the East Terrace; and the choir of St. George's Chapel, with Madame Albani-Gye, sang a selection of sacred music in the evening, for the gratification of the Queen's guests at the Castle. The Emperor drove over to Cumberland Lodge to inspect the wedding gifts.

Monday was almost entirely occupied with the royal wedding, which is separately noticed. The Emperor, however, who was once a boy at an ordinary public school in Germany, and is a zealous reformer of schools, rode quietly down to Eton, with the Duke of Connaught, at nine o'clock in the morning, to inspect that famous place of English high-class education. He saw the boy Volunteer Corps parading and performing certain evolutions on the "Upper Sixpenny" ground. Major Donaldson, Major James, and Major Godsal, the Adjutant, were the officers present. The Emperor spoke a few encouraging words, and was heartily cheered by the boys. He called on the Head Master, the Rev. Dr. Warre, saw the College buildings and the Eton Memorial Loan Collection, and asked for a holiday for the whole school. The Head Master could not grant this boon, even at the request of an Emperor, master of many legions of soldiers. His Majesty is known to disapprove of the time spent in making Latin and Greek verses at classical schools; but it is not likely that he expressed his opinion in talking

with the Head Master of Eton. There was a family dinner at the Castle in the evening of that day, followed by a performance of the Queen's private band, with the harper; Mr. W. G. Cusins acting as conductor.

The weather on Tuesday, July 7, was not favourable to the enjoyment of a very pretty military entertainment, the "Musical Ride," or Cavalry Dance, of the 2nd Life Guards, in Windsor Park. It took place, at noon, in the part called Queen Anne's Ride, where the German Emperor, on a fine chestnut horse with white stockings, attired in the field dress of his Garde du Corps—blue coat, white buckskin breeches, jack-boots, and white flat cap—saw the clever performance. His Majesty was accompanied, on horseback, by the Prince of Wales, dressed as Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards; the Duke of Connaught, as Colonel of the Scots Guards; and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, in Hussar uniform. The Empress, the Princess of Wales, with Princess Maud, the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and many ladies and gentlemen, were in carriages. The Emperor's Master of the Horse was a conspicuous military figure and a critical spectator. Twenty troopers with lances, and twenty afterwards with sabres, trotting or cantering, to the tune of the "Men of Harlech," changed presently for a livelier measure, executed the rhythmic movements with graceful precision, directed by Captain Burt; then joined in one line to perform the serpentine and double spiral evolutions, and finally charged at full speed, in front of the royal party. The Emperor spoke to Colonel Hanning Lee, commander of the regiment, and to Captain Burt, expressing his complete approval. The royal party, twenty-six in number, lunched with Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge, after which the Princes and Princesses, without the Emperor and Empress, embarked at Bray in steam-launches on the Thames, in spite of the rain, and went up to Cliveden, where they were entertained by the Duke of Westminster with tea in the Fishing Cottage. Meanwhile, the Emperor took a walk in the park; the Empress, with our Queen, had a quiet drive. There was a grand State banquet in the splendid hall of Windsor Castle.

The garden-party on Wednesday at Cumberland Lodge was given by Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, in acknowledgment of the kind congratulations they have received on their own silver wedding and on their daughter's marriage. After this party, the Emperor and Empress came to London, and were met by the Prince of Wales, who conducted them to Buckingham Palace. They attended the performance at the Royal Italian Opera that evening. The visit of the Emperor to the Lord Mayor of London took place next day, and will be a subject of our illustrations next week.

Before going to Guildhall, his Majesty received, at Buckingham Palace, a deputation from German residents in London, and held a levée, at which the officers of the German Army sojourning in England were presented to him.

The gold casket in which the freedom of the City of London was presented to the German Emperor at Guildhall is of an oblong shape, with rounded ends, supported on four open arches, with the City griffin at each end holding a shield that bears the City Arms. The body of the box is divided, by Gothic pilasters, into panels containing, under canopies of rich tracery, sculptured groups, figures, and symbols of appropriate significance. In the centre of the front are the Imperial Arms of Germany, the crown, motto, and supporters of the Empire; the cross in the crown is of fine diamonds.

The divisions to the right and left display figures in gold on a field of blue enamel: one is Fame, triumphing over the dragon of Envy; the other is Justice, holding aloft an imperial crown, with a sword, scales, and a cornucopia at her feet. Four smaller compartments, on the semicircular ends of the casket, show emblems, in repoussé work, a mace entwined with a wreath of laurels, and the fasces of the Roman lictors; but the end panels represent two royal marriages, that of our Queen Victoria to Prince Albert, and that of their eldest daughter, Victoria, Princess Royal, to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, latterly the Emperor Frederick, father of the Emperor William II. On the reverse side of the casket is the inscription, with figures of Commerce and Prosperity, in gold repoussé on a blue enamelled ground. The lid, sloping boldly upward from beautiful mouldings of Gothic foliage, presents, in enamel, views of St. Paul's Cathedral, Guildhall, and the Tower of London, and a general view of the City from the Thames; at the summit is a figure representing the City of London, holding in one hand the caduceus of Mercury, to indicate Commerce, in the other hand a shield, enamelled with the City Arms. This magnificent casket was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, 66, Cheapside, and 220, Regent Street, who supplied also the gold badges worn by the Reception Committee of the Corporation, and presented to the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales. The badge is in the form of a solid gold locket, displaying in front the heraldic arms, with the supporters, of the German Empire, in gold and enamel, with its motto, "Gott mit uns"; at the back are the arms of the City of London. Above the locket is a shield with the crest of the City of London. This badge is suspended by a red, white, and black ribbon from a gold bar, over which are the Consular arms of Germany, and the Imperial Crown above all, set with thirteen diamonds. The German eagle, and likewise the City griffin, are provided with diamond eyes.

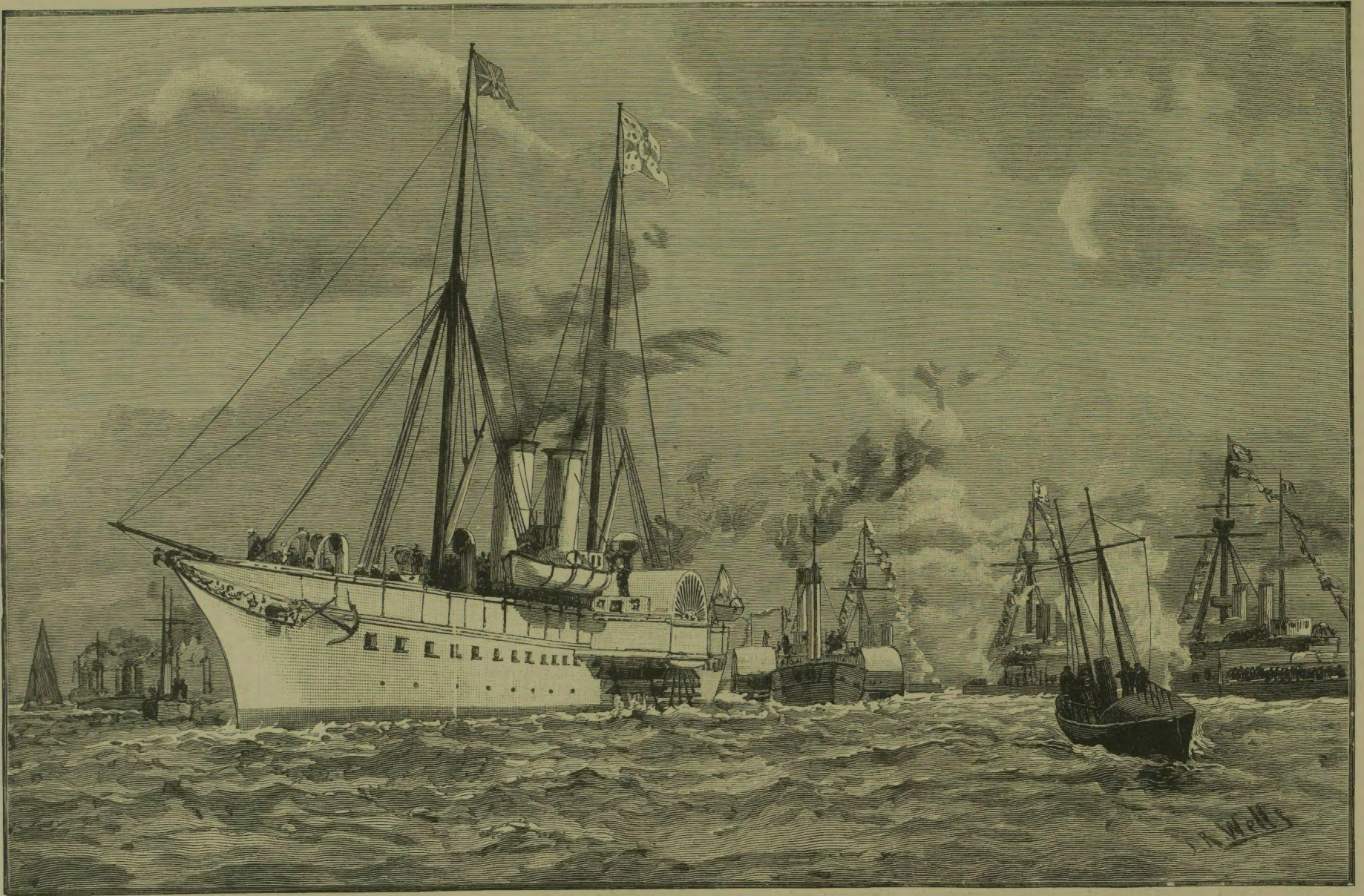


THE BRIDE: PRINCESS LOUISE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN ENGLAND.



ARRIVAL OF THE IMPERIAL YACHT HOHENZOLLERN WITH THE VISITORS AT PORT VICTORIA, SHEERNES.



THE PRINCE OF WALES WELCOMING THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT PORT VICTORIA.



## THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN ENGLAND.



ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT WINDSOR: PASSING UP CASTLE HILL.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The renewal of the Triple Alliance is still the one subject of engrossing interest in Continental political circles, where it is eagerly discussed. A good deal of speculation is indulged in as to its real significance or, rather, tendency, and, as a matter of course, opinions differ widely; but it does not require much political acumen to guess at the conclusions arrived at in the various countries most interested, either as being parties to the tripartite treaty or as being opposed to it. It cannot be said that this renewal was unexpected; yet, sanguine people were found in France who, until the last moment, clung to the faint hope that Italy, in return for some slight commercial concessions made to her by the French Government, might be induced to stand aloof and separate herself from the other two parties to the Alliance. The only ground for this belief was the change of Ministry and the substitution of the Marquis di Rudini for Signor Crispien as director of Italian foreign policy.

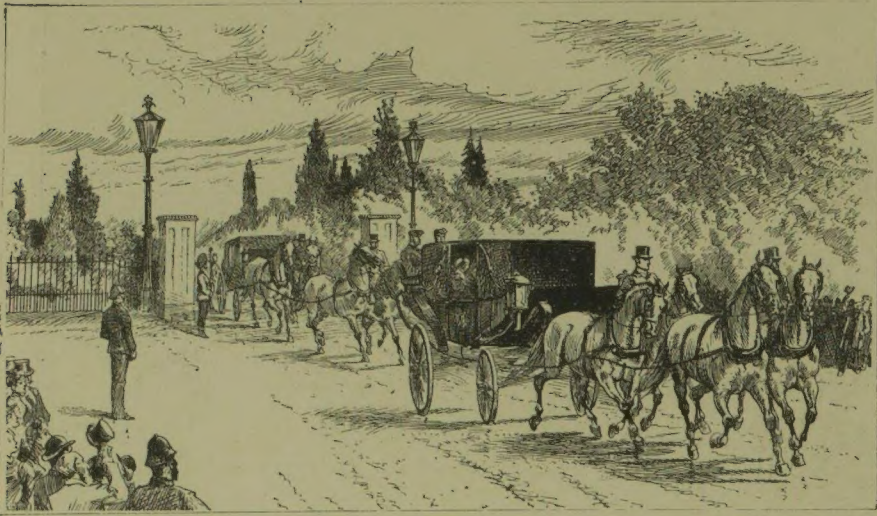
A few days ago it was announced, on what seemed good authority, that the French troops had occupied the province of Luang Prabang, a vassal State of the Kings of Siam; but the news, which has remained unconfirmed, was officially denied by the French Government organs, and there is, fortunately, no fresh war to record as having broken out in Asia. On the assumption that the information was correct, it was asked what the attitude of China would be, considering that the kingdom of Siam pays tribute to China. It is not generally known, in connection with this tribute question, that for some time the Kings of Siam have ceased to send the periodical tribute they were in the habit of paying to the Emperor of China. The reason is that the Chinese authorities have declined to allow the mission entrusted with the duty of carrying the King of Siam's presents to travel by sea. As the overland journey occupies something like three months to go and the same time to return, and involves considerable hardships and fatigue on the commissioners, the Siamese have

wisely decided to spare both their trouble and their money and they have given up the time-honoured custom of paying tribute to China. The Chinese have allowed their suzerainty over Siam to be reduced to a minimum; but, the French Government having disclaimed all intention of annexing Siamese territory, a discussion on the relations between the two Asiatic States is of a purely platonic interest.

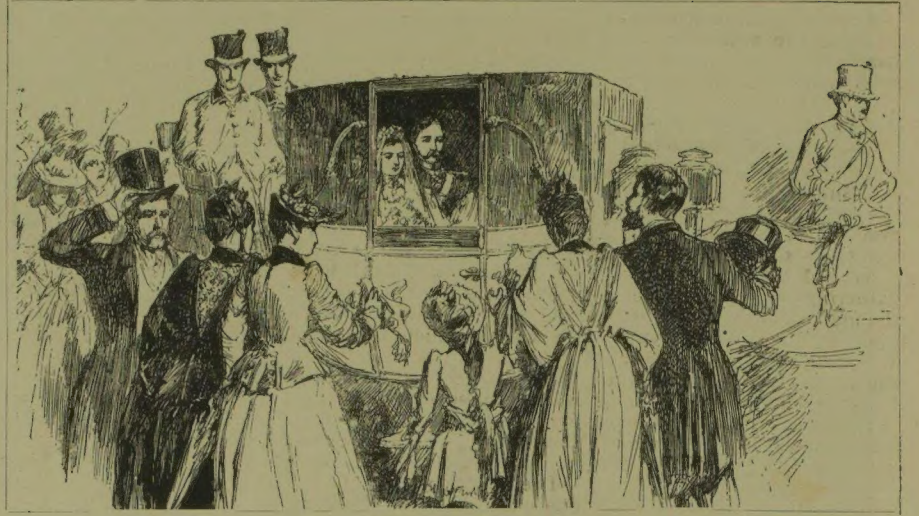
At a period of the year when so many English tourists go abroad, it will be welcome news to many non-smokers to hear that M. Yves Guyot, the French Minister of Public Works, has requested the railway companies of France to reserve a large proportion of compartments for smokers in their trains, and to take more effective measures for preventing smoking in the other compartments when any passenger objects to sitting for hours together in a carriage full of tobacco smoke. So far, good! But smoking in all carriages is so general a custom in France that it would be easier to reserve a few compartments for non-smokers.



## THE ROYAL WEDDING AT WINDSOR.



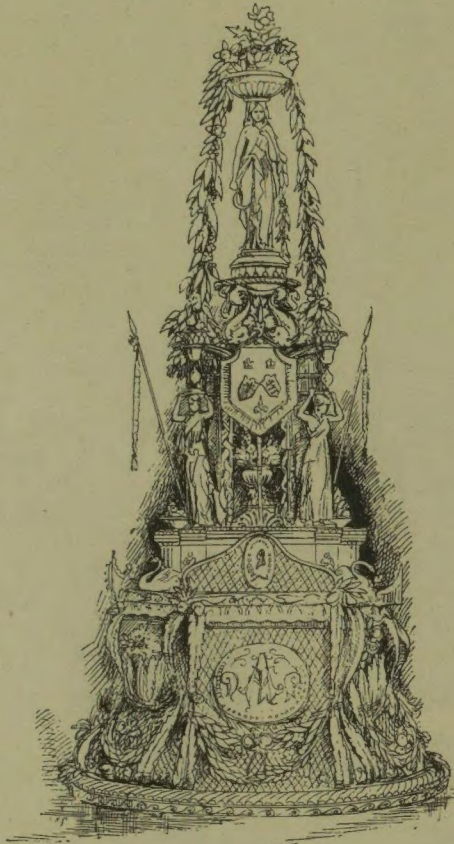
THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION GOING TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AFTER THE WEDDING.

## GIFTS TO BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

It is a pleasing and happy coincidence that the "Silver Wedding," or twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage, in 1866, of their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein should have occurred two days before the marriage of their daughter Princess Louise to Prince Aribert of Anhalt. Consequently, the silver-wedding gifts to her parents have lain on view at Cumberland Lodge along with those presented to the young couple; and the German Emperor—who is doubly a family connection, being first cousin to the bride through her mother's sister, our Princess Royal, the Empress Frederick, while his own wife, the Empress Victoria Augusta, is niece to the bride's father—had an opportunity, when he visited Prince and Princess Christian, of seeing both sets of presents together. Those arranged on the table shown in our Illustration—which is from a photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Eton—are a portion of the beautiful things given to Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. The first mention is due to what was presented, on Friday, July 3, with some public ceremony, at Windsor Townhall, by the Mayor of that royal borough, of which Prince Christian is High Steward, and where the happy domestic life of their Royal Highnesses, constantly residing in Windsor Park, is known to all their neighbours. So the townsfolk of Windsor and Eton, through the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor, presented simultaneously to the bride's parents a handsome gift of silver plate, four entrée dishes with stands, and a salver, in commemoration of their silver wedding, and to the young Princess, for her own wedding gift, a diamond star of 148 brilliants, to be used as a brooch or hair-pin. The ceremony, between such neighbours, was an occasion of much interest; and Prince and Princess Christian, with their two daughters, were accompanied by their visitors, the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, Prince Aribert, the happy bride-



THE WEDDING CAKE.

a pastel picture of Prince Aribert; Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, Venetian glasses; the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, a diamond bracelet. In addition there are valuable gifts from the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duke of Westminster, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Earl and Countess Cadogan, Lord and Lady Knutsford, Earl and Countess of Coventry, Earl and Countess of Lathom, Lady Ponsonby, Lord and Lady Halsbury, Sir John and Lady Cowell, Sir Fleetwood and Lady Edwards, Countess Hatzfeldt, Earl and Countess of Arran, Lady Revelstoke, Countess of Bradford, and many others.

Our Illustrations of the Royal Wedding at Windsor have partly been obtained by the aid of several photographic artists. The Portraits of the bride and bridegroom, Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Aribert of Anhalt, are from photographs by Mr. A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street. By permission of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, we have copied the interior views of private apartments in Cumberland

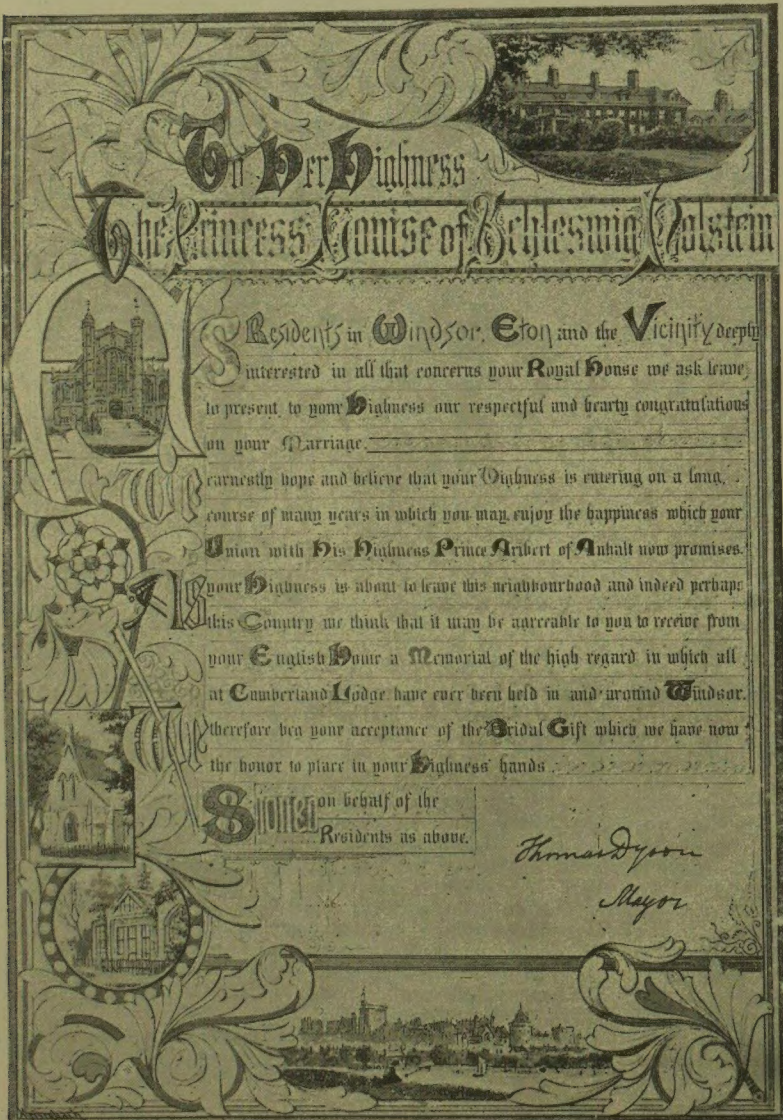


DIAMOND STAR

PRESENTED TO THE BRIDE BY THE INHABITANTS OF WINDSOR, ETON, AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Lodge, taken by Mr. G. P. Cartland, the Queen's photographer at Windsor; and Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Eton, have supplied a photograph of the collection of wedding gifts. The Portraits of Prince and Princess Christian are by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street.

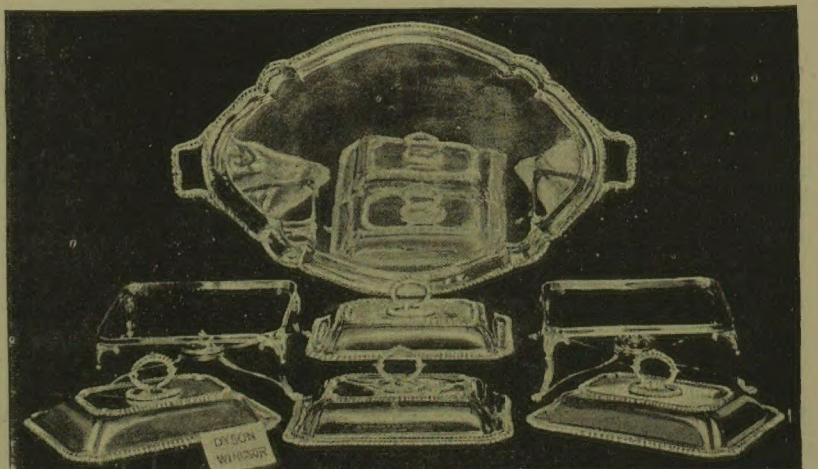
THE ROUMANIAN LOVE ROMANCE.—While the north of Europe may be supposed to have all its loyal sentiment reserved for the union of Prince Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, the south of Europe is alive with a pretty romance which almost recalls King Cophetua and Penelophon. The Crown Prince of Roumania has fallen in love with one of his mother's maids-of-honour, and the gifted Queen "Carmen Sylva" supports her son in his affection for Mdle. Hélène Vacaresco. The King declares that the union is impossible; the Prince insists that, rather than forego his marriage, he will abdicate his right to the throne in favour of his younger brother.



ADDRESS PRESENTED TO THE BRIDE.

groom, and his brother and sister. Next day, at Cumberland Lodge, a deputation of ladies and gentlemen of the county of Berks, led by Lord and Lady Wantage, with the Marchioness of Downshire and other persons of rank, several members of Parliament, and the Mayors of Reading, Abingdon, Newbury, and Wokingham performed a similar act of double congratulation. They presented to Prince and Princess Christian a magnificent set of solid silver, twenty-four soup plates and seventy-two dinner plates; and to Princess Louise a necklace of fine pearl-and-diamond clusters, "with respectful good wishes from Berkshire friends." We may add that, a wish having been expressed that the necklace subscribed for by the friends of Princess Christian should be worn by her Royal Highness at her daughter's wedding, it has been privately presented by the ladies of the committee and the members of her Majesty's Household who contributed towards it.

The Queen has given to the husband of her granddaughter, Prince Aribert, a noble pair of silver salvers, and his bride's parents have given him a service of silver plate, also to their daughter a gold bracelet with diamond inscription and a pearl necklace, twelve yards of Honiton lace, a silver tea-caddy, and other valuable articles; the Emperor of Austria, a diamond - and - ruby spray; the Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse, a beaten gold bracelet; Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein,



SILVER SERVICE PRESENTED TO THE BRIDE'S PARENTS.



## HENLEY REGATTA.

It is quite the customary thing to speak of Henley as "that most picturesque little town by the upper reaches of the sylvan Thames": but I doubt if all the swans who ever sang of Sonning, together with all the forms, modes, and shows of principalities above Kingston, could make a picturesque scene of Henley in a thunderstorm or Henley under days of persistent wet. It is mournful enough to watch the heavy, rain-laden clouds beat up above the hills of Greenlands, to watch the lowering skies, and to note the flocking of "the synagogue of swallows"—as Théophile Gautier has it—on any one of the days of the actual carnival itself. But the old enthusiast cares little for the days of racing or the nights of illumination: he has waited for the long week before the regatta—for the week when the triumph of "matter over mind" lolls upon the bridge—when the eights and fours are busy upon the reach in the forenoon and again when the sun has lost his power, for the delightful little gatherings on the decks of the house-boats, for the music of the night, and the music of the river; and nothing will atone him for the loss of these. The hordes which the Great Western pours into the Oxfordshire town on the three days of the actual festivities are to him as intruders—intruders who bring revelry and noise for quiet and repose—intruders who have come to display at once their appalling ignorance of watermanship and their marvellous partiality for salmon mayonnaise—intruders who will devastate the reach for many days, and leave behind them, as tokens of remembrance, naught but empty paper bags and champagne corks. These things he abhors, loving rather that quiet week when the house-boats drop into their places one by one, when only the shout of the coach is heard from Fawley to the bridge, when by the island there is little sign of life, when only a few flags in the windows of the Henley hotels tell of that which is to come in the week of weeks.

This year has been a year of disappointment to all who love what one may call the prologue of Henley. Even had it not rained, the town was unusually busy for some time before the regatta. Quite a fleet of house-boats—wonderful, beautiful, and marvellous constructions—waited for many days to secure their positions. The lodging-hunter made himself known a week earlier than he should have done; there were steam launches in numbers, screeching and ploughing in the reaches; and, more than all, it rained persistently. All these things made the older hands discontented, but, save for the awful weather of the opening day—after which I do not speak—there was little to distinguish this Henley from many of its predecessors. Of house-boats to which the Conservancy allotted positions there was an appalling number. One met, as usual, the New College barge as the first recognisable craft below the bridge; a little lower down one saw the Mavis of Mr. E. S. Brown; the Grace Darling of Mr. Dixon-Hartland, M.P.; the Sappho of Mr. Cooper; the Ray Mead of Mr. K. Bowen; and an admirable launch which has just been built for Mr. A. Pears, and which is named the Glow Worm. Of other boats below the opening for the Isthmian Club enclosure, the beautiful *Dolce Far Niente*, now owned by Mr. F. H. Butler; the Golden Butterfly, as remarkable as before; the *Rêve d'Or*; the Ruby of Lord E. S. Churchill; the Little Sunbeam of Major C. Woolmer Williams; the Golden Plover; the Tiny Tim of Sir F. Perkins; the Marivale of Mrs. E. G. Link; and the Hiawatha of Mrs. Brander were all effectively decorated draft, and some of them quite unusually gorgeous with bright flowers, stained windows, and tastefully draped awnings.

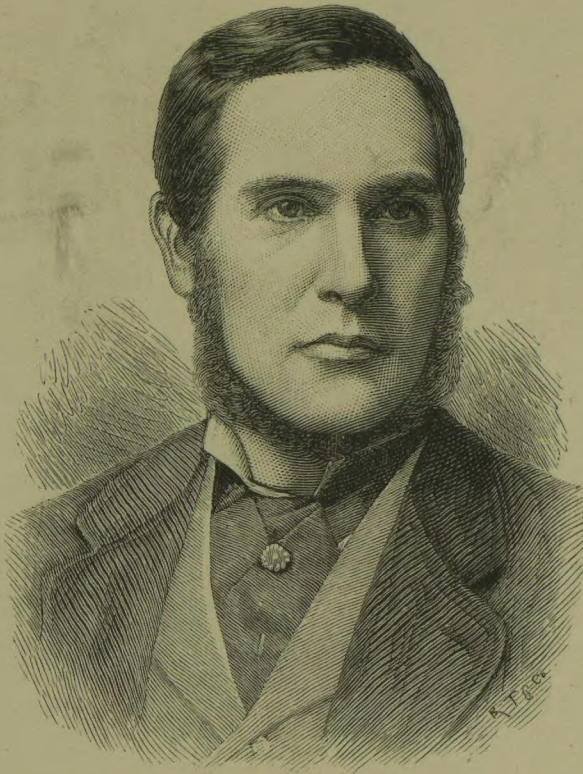
The long line of house-boats, of steam-launches, the flags streaming from the rooms where the crews are located, the wealth of colour, the wonderfully garbed oarsmen—all these things give a character to Henley which is possessed by no other regatta. Even the heavy clouds could not keep the throngs away on July 7, and the spectacle of a mile of river half covered with umbrellas was not as depressing as it should have been. True, there were not as many present, and by thousands, as one is accustomed to see, but hope is the stay of the hotel-keeper's heart, and, like the Spaniard, he said "Mañana!" and was happy.

And just a word for the crews who are nominally the cause of all this rejoicing. Those who row have looked forward to this Henley with a great longing, for it was rumoured that there would be a mighty encounter for the Grand Challenge, and that the Oxford men, rowing for the Leander, might just pull off that event. It is curious that while the old club of the pink and dark-blue is represented by men from the Isis, several Cambridge men are in the Thames boat, and that the first heat for Tuesday was practically a fight between the two Universities; and the resulting dead-heat caused a sterling enthusiasm which the showers were quite unable to drown. Much of the rest of the racing was uneventful, the defeat of Balliol College, Oxford, by Thames for the Thames Cup being unexpected, however. Of the scullers, the brothers Nickalls are both good men, although the younger member of the family will never be as good as the winner of the Diamonds last year; while of the "pairs" Muttelbury and Gardner and Nickalls and Amphill have given some very excellent examples of finished and neat oarsmanship in a very difficult style of art.

It is not, however, the rowing men that the West End goes out to see on the three days of Henley week, and for this reason: those who came to lunch and to chatter hardly pretended to work up any enthusiasm as the various heats were decided. The little rift in the clouds as the afternoon wore on was more to their liking; and when, about six o'clock, the sun began to shine and the masses of trees on the distant hills to stand out in a glorious light, while all the face of nature rose up as though refreshed with the copious rain, the umbrellas were put away, the niggers renewed their amazing mysteries, the house-boaters went in to dine, the crews went home to refresh, and all agreed that, if this was not a good Henley, it had yet something of the old charm which fascinates all who have been partakers in this, our peculiarly English and national picnic.

## THE LATE MR. W. H. GLADSTONE.

The death of Mr. W. H. Gladstone makes the first serious gap in the Liberal leader's family. The eldest son of the ex-Premier was little known to the world, though he was a Lord of the Treasury in his father's first Administration, and sat in Parliament for twenty years. Mr. W. H. Gladstone was a man of retiring disposition, but by those who knew him he was much esteemed, not only on account of his amiable character, but also because of a certain quiet mental force which impressed itself particularly on those who were associated with him in official work. He was an excellent musician and a lover of



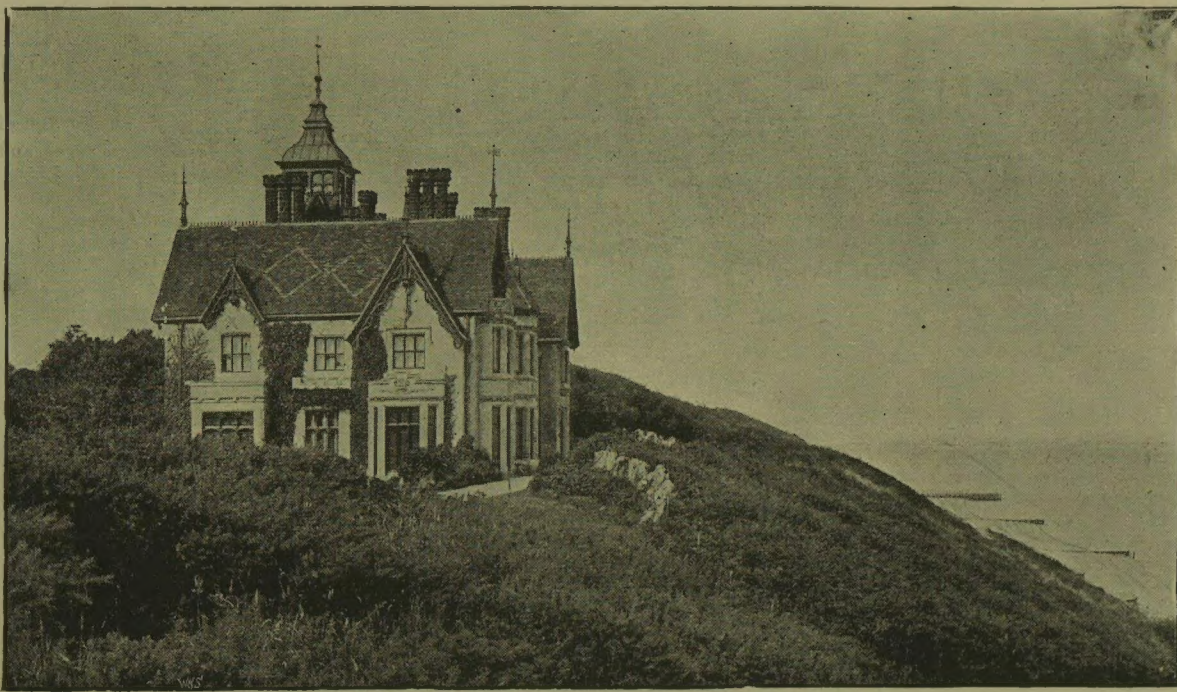
THE LATE MR. W. H. GLADSTONE.

German literature. He leaves three children, and his heir is a boy of six years.

There was a curious physical as well as mental contrast between Mr. Gladstone and his eldest son. The father, with his finely chiselled features, marble-white complexion, and flashing orbs, ringed round with circles of light, hardly seemed to live in the tall, sallow gentleman, with serious, gentle face, and light-grey rayless eyes, a trifle heavy in build and slow in movement. Nor did Mr. W. H. Gladstone inherit any of his parent's special gifts. His shyness and diffidence prevented him from excelling as a speaker, and he was unready, though always sensible and thoughtful, on the platform. But he had excellent gifts as an administrator, knew and loved the life of the country, and was a good landlord and farmer. Under his excellent stewardship, the Hawarden estate improved greatly, and he was of signal service to his father in relieving him of the cares and responsibilities of land management.

Mr. Gladstone's stay at Corton was abruptly ended by the death of his son. Corton, which belongs to Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., is pleasantly situated by the sea near Lowestoft. It is most unfortunate that Mr. Gladstone was unable to spend a longer time at Corton, where his convalescence was rapidly progressing when it was suddenly checked by this great bereavement.

In addition to the Prince of Wales, Mr. Childers, Mr. Mundella, Mr. John Morley, and other sick and wearied statesmen



THE CLYFFE, CORTON, LOWESTOFT.

WHERE THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., HAS BEEN STAYING.

have sought and found health in the brisk and yet delicate air which blows over the low cliffs of Corton.

The grounds at Corton are mostly Mr. Colman's creation, and are a charming mixture of wildness and culture. Stretches of gorse, cut with winding paths, alternate with strips of garden proper and shrubberies, looking at every turn on the sea, and abounding in rare and very beautifully grown trees. The house is of the prettiest, and when the gorse is out the whole estate is set in a flaming border of yellow, stretching away for miles on either side, and reaching as far as the town of Lowestoft. Mr. Colman has protected his lovely *trouvaille* with a sea-wall, built at great cost and trouble.

## PALACES OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

There is certainly no lack of palaces in Berlin, as there is no lack of barracks, and in some cases it is hard to say which is which. But in neither of these respects at least could the visitor mistake for anything but what it is the elegant and noble-looking edifice in which the present German Emperor was born, and which still serves as the residence of his widowed mother whenever duty or inclination leads her to Berlin. But that is not very often. Formerly known as the Crown Prince's palace, this abode of the Empress Frederick is a perfect temple of culture and intellectual refinement, and bears eloquent testimony to the kind of atmosphere that was breathed by his Majesty in his boyhood. But perhaps, *olim arte, nunc Marte*—to reverse the order of development claimed for themselves by the Highland Scots—might now be justly applied to the young Emperor's passions and pursuits. When his father died, he and his consort were living in the Marble Palace, that stands beautifully embowered on a broad bend of the Havel. The Mark of Brandenburg has been much abused for its sand and its bleakness, but I know not where prettier scenery of the terraqueous kind is to be found, especially when Summer dons her richest robes, than on the broad irregular waterway between Spandau, with its forts and arsenals, and Potsdam—the cradle and sucking-bottle combined of the Prussian army—with its barracks, towers, domes, and palaces. Of these last the Marble Palace is the smallest, and from it a drive of ten minutes brings you to the New Palace ("new," that is to say, in the time of its builder, Frederick the Great, but, like New College, Oxford, now older than most of its compeers), which is the summer residence of the Court. This New Palace, the Prussian Windsor, so to speak, is large, commodious, and truly palatial—fit quarters for the Emperor, with his love of elbow-room, bustling energies, hospitable habits, and ceremonial tastes—and contains, among other fitting appliances, a charming bijou theatre, which frequently, in old Fritz's time, resounded with the accents of the French dramatic Muse. But times have changed, and that Muse has had to seek a home more congenial than is now afforded her at Potsdam, though the royal players from Berlin are occasionally sent out there to furnish entertainment to his Majesty's guests in good honest German. But perhaps the most striking feature of the New Palace is its *Muschel-Saal* (who has not heard of the Hall of Shells as sung by Ossian?), which looks like the veritable abode of Neptune; nor, indeed, ought there to be so very much difference between the banquetting-hall of the Monarch of the Sea and a British Admiral of the Fleet. It was here, in the New Palace, where Frederick, the magnanimous and the much-enduring, breathed his last; and it was through the Hall of Shells, and down the steps of the terrace seen in the Engraving, that his body (on the anniversary of Kolin and Waterloo) was borne away through the woods to the *Friedenskirche* from the sight of a paralysed mother and a grief-o'erwhelmed wife, amid a scene the saddest and most tragic which the sun ever looked down upon. One of the first things the Emperor Frederick did on ascending the throne was to rechristen the New Palace by the name of "Friedrichskron," and one of the first things the present Emperor did on succeeding his father was to restore to the palace its previous appellation. *Friedrichskron* was not a bad name, seeing that, among other things, it was suggested and derived from the huge crown, supported by three nude figures, surmounting the dome of the palace. This was the crown of glory with which Frederick the Great had emerged victorious from his life-and-death struggle against the banded forces of the three most powerful women in Europe—Elizabeth of Russia, Maria Theresa of Austria, and the Pompadour of Versailles. And were the nude figures, then, supporting the crown supposed to represent these three sovereign ladies? So, indeed, it was said, with the addition that their exultant vanquisher had thus raised these humiliated ladies aloft there, with their backs—bitter mocker!—turned to their respective countries, as the bearers of his glory-crown.

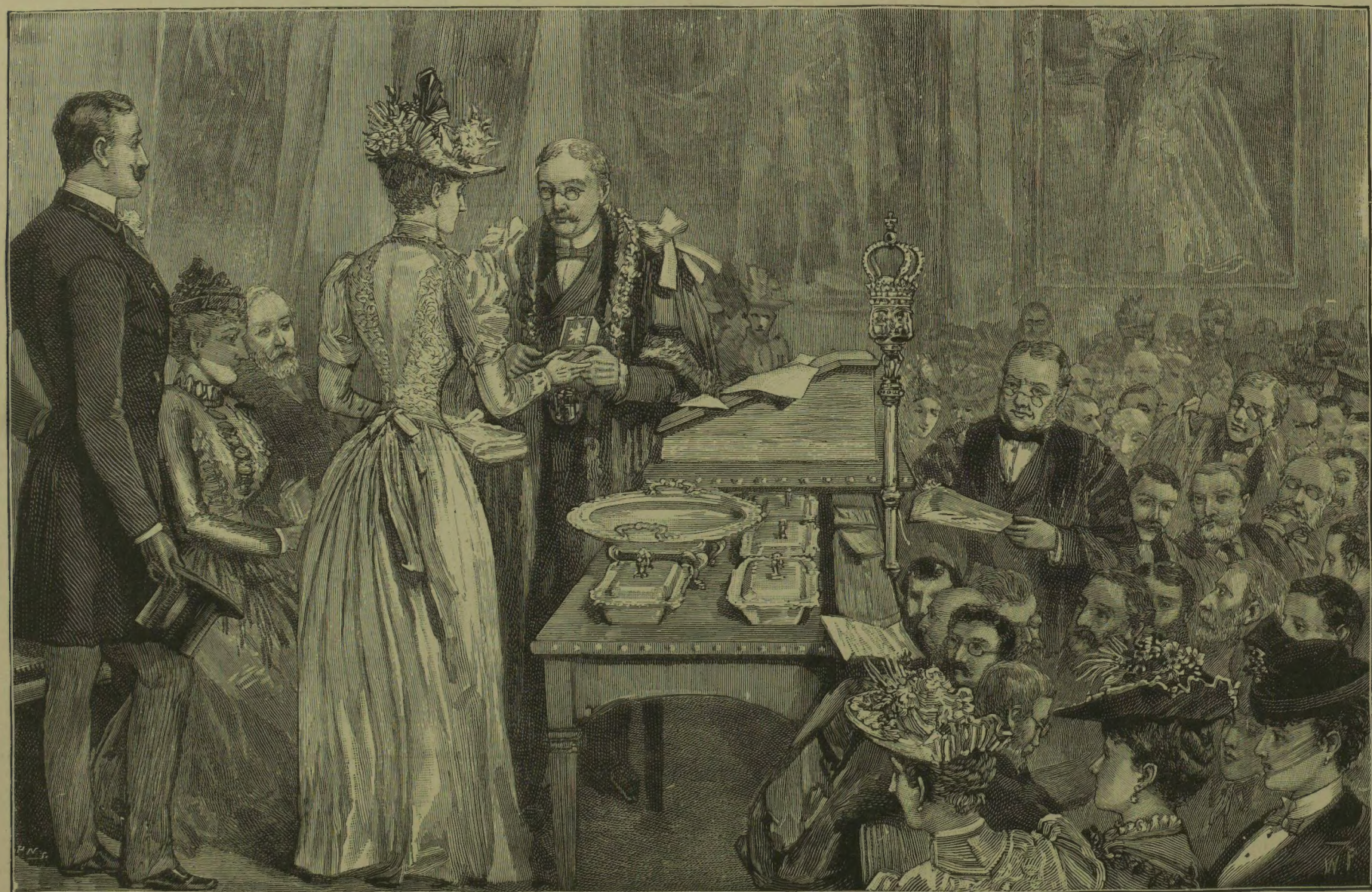
The New Palace stands low among meadows and woods (and well stocked they are with pheasants), but from its lofty dome you can see Sans-Souci (Palace of "No-Bother," as Carlyle puts it) perched on the brink of its terraces (and June is the time to see the roses there) leading down to its bosky maze of ponds, fountains, box-wood alleys, and classical statues, all in the style of Versailles. Sans-Souci is now a mere museum and sacrosanct souvenir of its founder, quite unfit for the domestic wants of modern life; but hard by, beyond the famous windmill, stands the Orangerie on the top of its hill, a rather showy structure in mixed classical style, raised by the mystical and capricious Frederick William IV., which serves as a picture gallery for some modern Italian masters, and as a convenient place for harbouring illustrious visitors of the Prussian Court. Such an ornate edifice is altogether out of harmony with the *genius loci*; but, on the other hand, quite in accord with it is the *Stadt-Schloss* of Potsdam (the dome in the Engraving does not belong to it, but to the church), which is instinct with memories of Frederick the Great, and of his father, the royal kidnapper of giants. Solid, square, severe, and simple, it typifies the Prussian rulers and their army. As far as the lights of Prussian history are concerned, the study of the interior of the Potsdam *Schloss* may well be supplemented by an inspection of the Palace

at Charlottenburg, which will always remain so sadly associated with the fatal illness of the Emperor Frederick and the heroic courage with which it was borne. "*Lerne zu leiden ohne zu klagen*" was what the august sufferer here said to his son and successor, who has hitherto, it must be owned, taken to heart and applied all the good advice that was ever given him by his parents and counsellors, beyond all expectation. The Charlottenburg Palace is now in disuse as a place of residence, as is also the old Emperor's palace *Unter den Linden*, which his present Majesty, who had a boundless veneration for his grandfather, will doubtless long maintain sacred and intact just as it was left by its last occupant, with all his personal relics and simple register of habits.





THE GERMAN EMPEROR INSPECTING THE SCOTS GUARDS, AFTER HIS ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



PRINCESS LOUISE AND PRINCE ARIERT RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM THE CORPORATION OF WINDSOR.





*He had stepped aside as he spoke, and with a sweep of his arm he was driving them all out like sheep before him.*

## THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

### CHAPTER I.

OF ISRAEL BEN OLLIEL.

Israel was the son of a Jewish banker at Tangier. His mother was the daughter of a banker in London. The father's name was Olliel; the mother's was Sara. Olliel had held business connections with the house of Sara's father, and he came over to England that he might have a personal meeting with his correspondent. The English banker lived over his office, near Holborn Bars, and Olliel met with his family. It consisted of one daughter by a first wife, long dead, and three sons by a second wife, still living. They were not altogether a happy household, and the chief apparent cause of discord was the child of the first wife in the home of the second. Olliel was a man of quick perception, and he saw the difficulty. That was how it came about that he was married to Sara. When he returned to Morocco he was some thousand pounds richer than when he left it, and he had a capable and personable wife into his bargain.

Olliel was a self-centred and silent man, absorbed in getting and spending, always taking care to have much of the one, and no more than he could help of the other. Sara was a nervous and sensitive little woman, hungering for communion and for sympathy. She got little of either from her husband, and grew to be as silent as himself. With the people of the country of her adoption, whether Jews or Moors, she made no headway. She never even learnt their language.

Two years passed, and then a child was born to her. This was Israel, and for many a year thereafter he was all the world to the lonely woman. His coming made no apparent difference to his father. He grew to be a tall and comely boy, quick and bright, and inclined to be of a sweet and cheerful disposition. But the school of his upbringing was a hard one. A Jewish child in Morocco might know from his cradle that he was not born a Moor and a Mohammedan.

When the boy was eight years old his father married a second wife, his first wife being still alive. This was lawful, though unusual in Tangier. The new marriage, which was only another business transaction to Olliel, was a shock and a terror to Sara. Nevertheless, she supported its penalties through three weary years, sinking visibly under them day after day. By that time a second family had begun to share her husband's house, the rivalry of the mothers had threatened to extend to the children, the domesticity of home was destroyed, and its harmony was no longer possible. Then she left Olliel, and fled back to England, taking Israel with her.

Her father was dead, and the welcome she got of her half-brothers was not warm. They had no sympathy with her rebellion against her husband's second marriage. If she had married into a foreign country, she should abide by the ways of it. Sara was heart-broken. Her health had long been poor, and now it failed her utterly. In less than a month she

died. On her death-bed she committed her boy to the care of her brothers, and implored them not to send him back to Morocco.

For years thereafter Israel's life in London was a stern one. If he had no longer to submit to the open contempt of the Moors, the kicks and insults of the streets, he had to learn how bitter is the bread that one is forced to eat at another's table. When he should have been still at school he was set to some menial occupation in the bank at Holborn Bars, and when he ought to have risen at his desk he was required to teach the sons of prosperous men the way to go above him. Life was playing an evil game with him, and, though he won, it must be at a bitter price.

Thus twelve years went by, and Israel, now three-and-twenty, was a tall, silent, very sedate young man, clear-headed on all subjects, and a master of figures. Never once during that time had his father written to him, or otherwise recognised his existence, though knowing of his whereabouts from the first by the zealous importunities of his uncles. Then one day a letter came, written in distant tone and formal manner, announcing that the writer had been some time confined to his bed, and did not expect to leave it; that the children of his second wife had died in infancy; that he was alone, and had no one of his own flesh and blood to look to his business, which was therefore in the hands of strangers, who robbed him; and finally, that if Israel felt any duty towards his father, or, failing that, if he had any wish to consult his own interest, he would lose no time in leaving England for Morocco.

Israel read the letter without a throb of filial affection; but, nevertheless, he concluded to obey its summons. A fortnight later he landed at Tangier. He had come too late. His father had died the day before. The weather was stormy, and the surf on the shore was heavy, and thus it chanced that, even while the crazy old packet on which he sailed lay all day beating about the bay, in fear of being dashed on to the ruins of the mole, his father's body was being buried in the little Jewish cemetery outside the eastern walls, and his cousins, and cousins' cousins, to the fifth degree, without loss of time or waste of sentiment, were busily dividing his inheritance among them.

Next day, as his father's heir, he claimed from the Moorish court the restitution of his father's substance. But his cousins made the Kadi, the judge, a present of a hundred dollars, and he was declared to be an impostor, who could not establish his identity. Producing his father's letter which had summoned him from London, he appealed from the Kadi to the Ulemma, men wise in the law, who acted as referees in disputed cases; but it was decided that as a Jew he had no right in Mohammedan law to offer evidence in a civil court. He laid his case before the British Consul, but was found to have no claim to English intervention, being a subject of the Sultan both by birth and parentage. Meantime, his dispute

with his cousins was set at rest for ever by the Governor of the town, who, concluding that his father had left neither will nor heirs, confiscated everything he had possessed to the public treasury—that is to say, to the Kaid's own uses.

Thus he found himself without standing ground in Morocco, whether as a Jew, a Moor, or an Englishman, a stranger in his father's country, and openly branded as a cheat. That he did not return to England promptly was because he was already a man of indomitable spirit. Besides that, the treatment he was having now was but of a piece with what he had received at all times. Nothing had availed to crush him, even as nothing ever does avail to crush a man of character. But the obstacles and torments which make no impression on the mind of a strong man often make a very sensible impression on his heart; the mind triumphs, it is the heart that suffers; the mind strengthens and expands after every besetting plague of life, but the heart withers and wears away.

So far from flying from Morocco when things conspired together to beat him down, Israel looked about with an equal mind for the means of settling there.

His opportunity came early. The Governor, either by qualm of conscience or further freak of selfishness, got him the place of head of the Umana, the three Administrators of Customs at Tangier. He held the post six months only, to the complete satisfaction of the Kaid, but amid the muttered discontent of the merchants and tradesmen. Then the Governor of Tetuan, a bigger town lying a long day's journey to the east, hearing of Israel that as Amin of Tangier he had doubled the custom revenues in half a year, invited him to fill an informal, unofficial, and irregular position as assessor of tributes.

Now, it would be a long task to tell of the work which Israel did in his new calling: how he regulated the market dues and appointed a Muthasseb, a clerk of the market, to collect them—so many blankets for every camel sold, so many for every horse, mule, and ass, so many flocks for every fowl, and so many ducats for the purchase and sale of every slave; how he numbered the houses and made lists of the trades, assessing their tribute by the value of their businesses—so much for gun-making, so much for weaving, so much for tanning, and so on through the line of them, great and small, good and bad, even from the trades of the Jewish silversmiths and the Moorish packsaddle-makers down to the callings of the Arab water-carriers and the ninety public women.

All this he did by the strict law and letter of the Koran, which entitled the Sultan to a tithe of all earnings whatsoever; but it would not wrong the truth to say that he did it, also, by the impulse of a sour and saddened heart. The world had shown no mercy to him, and he need show no mercy to the world. Why talk of pity? It was only a name, an idea, a mocking thought. In the actual reckoning of life there was no such thing as pity. Thus did Israel justify himself in all



his dealings, whatever their severity and the rigour wherewith they wrought.

And the people felt the strong hand that was on them, and they cursed it.

"Allah! Allah!" the Moors would cry. "Who is this Jew—this son of the English—that he should be made our master?"

They muttered at him in the streets, they scowled upon him, and at length they insulted him openly. Since his return from England he had resumed the dress of his race in his country—the long dark kaftan, with a scarf for girdle, the yellow slippers, and the black skullcap. And, going one day by the Grand Mosque, a group of the beggars, who lay always by the gate, called on him to uncover.

"Jew! Dog!" they cried, "there is no god but God! Curses on your relations! Off with your cap! Off with your slippers!"

He paid no heed to their commands, but made straight onward. Then one blear-eyed and scab-faced cripple scrambled up and struck off his cap with a crutch. He picked it up again without a look or a word, and strode away. But next morning, at early prayers, there was a bed empty at the door of the mosque. Its accustomed occupant lay in the prison at the Kasba.

And if the Moslem hated Israel for what he was doing for their Governor, the Jews hated him yet more because it was being done for a Moor.

"He has sold himself to our enemy," they said, "against the welfare of his own nation."

At the synagogue they ignored him, and in taking the votes of their people they counted others and passed him by. He showed no malice. Only his strong face twitched at each fresh insult, and his head was held higher. Only this, and one other sign of suffering in that secret place of his withering heart, which God's eye alone could see.

Thus far he had done no more to Moor and Jew than exact that tenth part of their substance which the faiths of both required that they should pay. But now his work went further. A little group of old Jews, all held in honour among their people—Abraham Pigman, son of a former rabbi; Judah ben Lolo, an elder of his synagogue; and Reuben Maliki, keeper of the poor-box—were seized and cast into the Kasba for gross and base usury.

At this the Jewish quarter was thrown into wild hubbub. The hand that was on their people was a daring and terrible one. None doubted whose hand it was—it was the hand of young Israel the Jew.

When the three old usurers had bought themselves out of the Kasba, they put their heads together and said, "Let us drive this fellow out of the Mellah, and so shall he be driven out of the town." Then the owner of the house which Israel rented for his lodging evicted him by a poor excuse, and all other Jewish owners refused him as tenant. But the conspiracy failed. By command of the Governor, or by his influence, Israel was lodged in one of the mosque houses on the Moorish side of the Mellah walls.

Seeing this, the usurers laid their heads together again, and said, "Let us see that no man of our nation serve him, and so shall his life be a burden." Then the two Jews who had been his servants deserted him, and when he asked for Moors he was told that the faithful might not obey the unbeliever; and when he would have sent for negroes out of the Soudan he was warned that a Jew might not hold a slave. But the conspiracy failed again. Two black female slaves from Soos, named Fatima and Habeebah, were bought in the name of the Governor and assigned to Israel's service.

And when it was seen at length that nothing availed to disturb Israel's material welfare, the three base usurers laid their heads together yet again, that they might prey upon his superstitious fears, and they said, "He is our enemy, but he is a Jew: let the woman who is named the prophetess put her curse upon him." Then she who was so called, one Rebecca Benzabot, deaf as a stone, weak in her intellect, seventy years of age, and living fifty years on the poor-box which Reuben Maliki kept, crossed Israel in the streets, and cursed him as a son of Beelzebub, predicting that, even as he had made the walls of the Kasba to echo with the groans of God's elect, so should his own spirit be broken within them, and his forehead humbled to the earth. He stood while he heard her out, and his strong lip trembled at her words; but he only smiled coldly, and passed on in silence.

Thus did his brethren of Judah revile him, and thus did they torture him; yet there was one among them who did neither. This was the daughter of their Grand Rabbi, David ben Hannah. Her name was Ruth. She was young, and God had given her grace, and she was beautiful, and many young Jewish men of Tetuan had vied with each other in vain for her favour. Of Israel's duty she knew little, save what report had said of it, that it was evil, and of the acts which had made him an outcast among his own people, and an Ishmael among the sons of Ishmael, she could form no judgment. But what a woman's eyes might see in him, without help of other knowledge, that she saw.

She had marked him in the synagogue, that his face was

noble and his manners gracious; that he was young, but only as one who had been cheated of his youth and had missed his early manhood; that when he was ignored he ignored his insult, and when he was reviled he answered not again; in a word, that he was silent and strong, and alone, and, above all, that he was sad.

These were credentials enough to the true girl's favour, and Israel soon learnt that the house of the Rabbi was open to him. There the lonely man first found himself. The cold eyes of his little world had seen him only as his father's son, but the light and warmth of the eyes of Ruth saw him as the son of his mother also. The Rabbi himself was old, very old—ninety years of age—and length of days had taught him charity. And so it was that when, in due time, Israel came with many excuses and asked for Ruth in marriage, the Rabbi gave her to him.

The betrothal followed, but none save the notary and his witnesses stood beside Israel when he crossed hands over the

in your service. Sixty and odd years he has shared your sorrows and your burdens. What has he done this day that your women should lift up their voices against him?"

But, in awe of his white head in the moonlight, the rabble that stood in the darkness were silent and made no answer. Then he staggered back, and Israel helped him into his house, and Ruth did what she could to compose him. But he was wofully shaken, and that night he died.

When the Rabbi's death became known in the morning, the Jews whispered, "It is the first fruits!" and the Moors touched their foreheads and murmured, "It is written!"

## CHAPTER II.

### OF THE BIRTH OF NAOMI.

Israel paid no heed to Jew or Moor, but in due time he set about the building of a house for himself and for Ruth, that they might live in comfort many years together. In the south-east corner of the Mellah he placed it, and he

built it partly in the Moorish and partly in the English fashion, with an open court and corridors, marble pillars, and a marble staircase, walls of small tiles, and ceilings of stalactites, but also with windows and with doors. And when his house was raised he put no haities into it, or divans, and spread no mattresses on the floors, but sent for tables and chairs and couches out of England; and everything he did in this wise cut him off the more from the people about him, both Moors and Jews.

And being settled at last, and his own master in his own dwelling, out of the power of his enemies to push him back into the streets, suddenly it smote him for the first time that, whereas the house he had built was a refuge for himself, it was doomed to be little better than a prison for his wife. In marrying Ruth he had enlarged the circle of his intimates by one faithful and loving soul; but, in marrying her, she had reduced even her friends to that number. Her father was dead; if she was the daughter of a Chief Rabbi she was also the wife of an outcast, the companion of a pariah, and, save for him, she must be for ever alone. Even their bondwomen still spoke a foreign dialect, and commerce with them was mainly by signs.

Thinking of all this with some remorse, one idea fixed itself on Israel's mind, one hope on his heart—that Ruth might soon bear a child. Then would her solitude be broken by the dearest company that a woman might know on earth. And, if he had wronged her, his child would make amends.

Israel thought of this again and again. The delicious hope pursued him. It was his secret, and he never gave it speech. But time passed, and no child was born. And Ruth herself saw that she was barren, and she began to cast down her head before her husband. Israel's hope was of longer life, but the truth dawned upon him at last. Then, when he saw that his wife was ashamed, a great tenderness came over him. He had been thinking of her, that a child would bring her solace, and meanwhile she had thought only of him, that a child would be his pride. After that he never went abroad but he came home with stories of women wailing at the cemetery over the tombs of their babes, of men broken in heart for loss of their sons, and how they were best treated of God who were given no children.

This served his big soul for a time to cheat it of its disappointment, half deceiving Ruth, and deceiving himself entirely. But one day the woman Rebecca met him again at the street corner by his own house, and she lifted her gaunt finger into his face, and cried, "Israel ben Olliel, the judgment of the Lord is upon you, and will not suffer you to raise up children to be a reproach and a curse among your people!"

"Out upon you, woman!" cried Israel, and almost in the first delirium of his pain he had lifted his hand to strike her. Her other predictions had passed him by, but this one had smitten him. He went home and shut himself in his

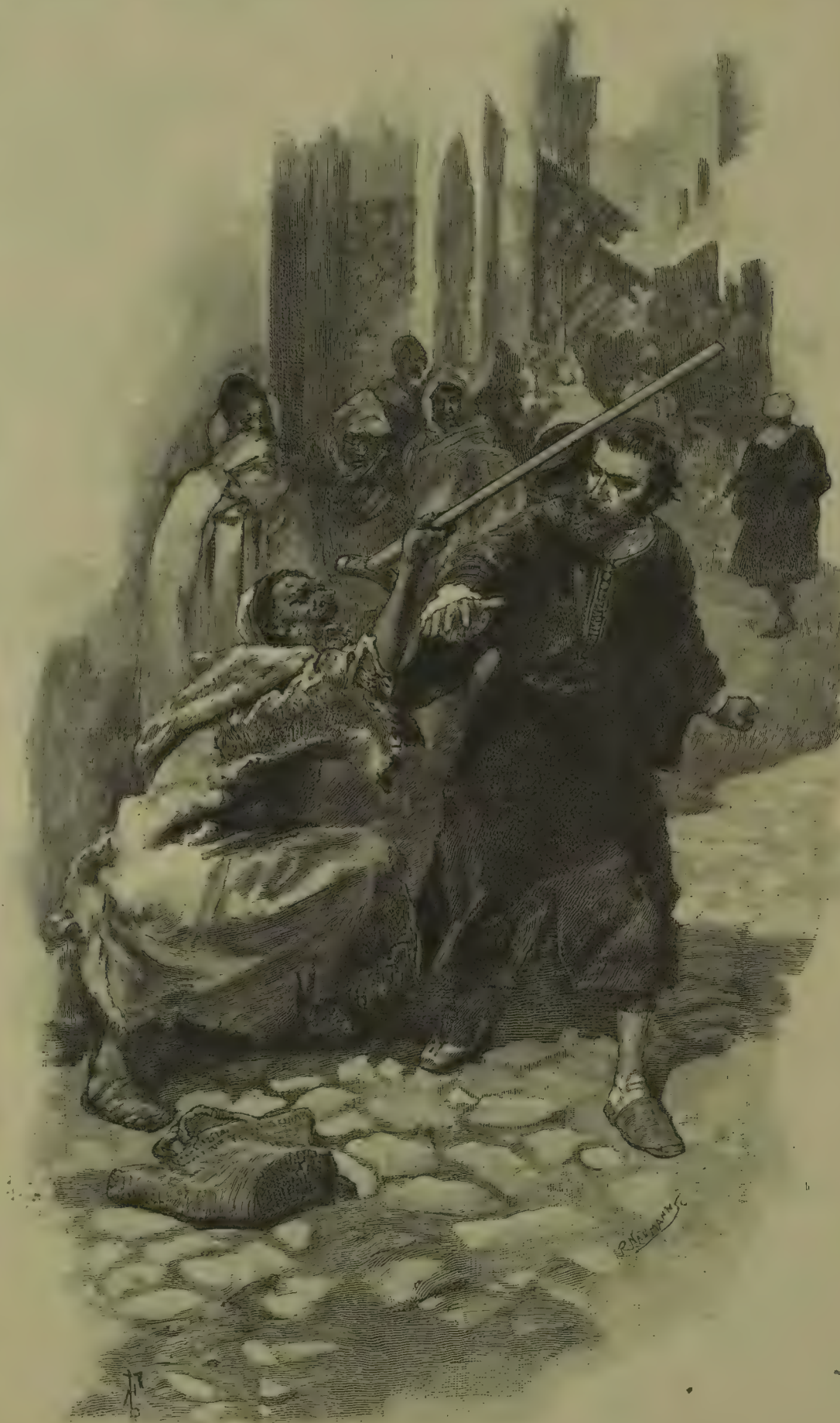
room, and throughout that day he let no one come near to him.

Israel knew his own heart at last. At his wife's barrenness he was now angry with the anger of a proud man whose pride had been abased. What was the worth of it, after all, that he had conquered the fate that had first beaten him down? What did it come to that the world was at his feet? Heaven was above him, and the poorest man in the Mellah who was the father of a child might look down on him with contempt.

That night sleep forsook his eyelids, and his mouth was parched and his spirit bitter. And sometimes he reproached himself with a thousand offences, and sometimes he searched the Scriptures, that he might persuade himself that he had walked blameless before the Lord in the ordinances and commandments of God.

Meantime, Ruth, in her solitude, remembered that it was now three years since she had been married to Israel, and that by the laws both of their race and their country a woman who had been so long barren might straightway be divorced by her husband.

Next morning a message of business came from the Kalifa, but Israel would not answer it. Then came an order to him from the Governor, but still he paid no heed. At length



Then one blear-eyed and scab-faced cripple scrambled up and struck off his cap with a crutch.

handkerchief; and, when the marriage came in its course, few stood beside the Chief Rabbi. Nevertheless, all the Jews of the quarter and all the Moors of Tetuan were alive to what was happening, and on the night of the marriage a great company of both peoples, though chiefly of the rabble among them, gathered in front of the Rabbi's house that they might hiss and jeer.

The Rabbi heard them from where he sat under the stars in his patio, and when at last the voice of Rebecca the prophetess came to him above the tumult, crying, "Woe to her that has married the enemy of her nation; and woe to him that gave her against the hope of his people! They shall taste death. He shall see them fall from his side and die," then the old man listened and trembled visibly. In confusion and fierce anger he rose up and stumbled through the crooked passage to the door, and flinging it wide he stood in the doorway, facing them that stood without.

"Peace! peace!" he cried, "and shame! shame! Remember the doom of him that shall curse the high-priest of the Lord."

This he spoke in a voice that shook with wrath. Then suddenly, his voice failing him, he said in a broken whisper, "My good people, what is this? Your servant is grown old



He heard a feeble knock at the door of his room. It was Ruth, his wife, and he opened to her and she entered.

"Send me away from you!" she cried. "Send me away!"

"Not for the place of the Kaid," he answered stoutly; "no, nor the throne of the Sultan!"

At that she fell on his neck and kissed him, and they mingled their tears together. But he comforted her at length, and said, "Look up, my dearest! look up! I am a proud man among men, but it is even as the Lord may deal with me. And which of us shall murmur against God?"

At that word Ruth lifted her head from his bosom, and her eyes were full of a sudden thought.

"Then let us ask of the Lord," she whispered hotly, "and surely He will hear our prayer."

"It is the voice of the Lord Himself!" cried Israel; "and this day it shall be done!"

At the time of evening prayers Israel and Ruth went up to the synagogue, hand in hand, together. And Ruth knelt in her place and prayed: "O Lord, have pity on this Thy servant, and take away her reproach among women. Give her grace in Thine eyes, O Lord, that her husband be not ashamed. Grant her a child of Thy mercy, that his eye may smile upon her. Yet not as she willeth, but as Thou willeth, O Lord, and Thy servant will be satisfied."

But Israel stood long and called on God as a debtor that will not be appeased, saying: "How long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord? My enemies triumph over me and foretell Thy doom upon me. They sit in the lurking-places of the streets to deride me. Confound my enemies, O Lord, and rebuke their counsels. Remember Ruth, I beseech Thee, that she is patient and her heart is humbled. Give her children of Thy servant, and her firstborn shall be sanctified unto Thee. Give her one child, and it shall be Thine—if it is a son, to be a priest in Thy temples; and if a daughter, to serve in Thy tabernacles. Hear me, O Lord, and give heed to my cry, for behold I swear it at Thine altar. One child, but one, only one, son or daughter, and all my desire is before Thee. How long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord?"

Now, the message of the Kalifa which Israel had not answered in his trouble was a request from the Shereef of Wazan that he should come without delay to that town to count his rent-charges and assess his dues. This request the Governor had transformed into a command, for the Shereef was a prince of Islam in his own country, and in many provinces the believers paid him tribute. So in three days' time Israel was ready to set forth on his journey, with men and mules at his door, and camels packed with tents.

He was likely to be some months absent from Tetuan, and it was impossible that Ruth should go with him. They had never been separated before, and Ruth's concern was that they should be so long parted, but Israel's was a deeper matter.

"Ruth," he said, when his time came, "I am going away from you, but my enemies remain. They see evil in all my doings, and in this act also they will find offence. Promise me that if they make a mock at you, for your husband's sake you will not see them; if they taunt you that you will not hear them; and if they ask anything concerning me that you will answer them not at all."

And Ruth promised him that if his enemies made a mock at her she should be as one that was blind, if they taunted her as one that was deaf, and if they questioned her concerning her husband as one that was dumb. Then they parted with many tears and embraces.

Israel was half a year absent in the town and province of Wazan, and, having finished the work which he came to do, he was sent back to Tetuan loaded with presents from the Shereef, and surrounded by soldiers and attendants, who did not leave him until they had brought him to the door of his own house.

And there, in her chamber, sat Ruth awaiting him, her eyes dim with tears of joy, her throat throbbing like the throat of a bird, and great news on her tongue. Their prayer in the synagogue had been heard, and the child they had asked for was to come.

Israel was like a man beside himself with joy. He burst in upon the message of his wife, and caught her to his breast again and again, and kissed her. Long they stood together so, while he told her of the chances which had befallen him during his absence from her, and she told him of her solitude of six long months, unbroken save for the poor company of Fatima and Habeebah, wherein she had been blind and deaf and dumb to all the world.

During the months thereafter until Ruth's time was full Israel sat with her constantly. He could scarce suffer himself to leave her company. He covered her chamber with fruits and flowers. There was no desire of her heart but he fulfilled it. And they talked together lovingly of how they would name the child when the time came to name it. Israel concluded that if it was a son it should be called Joseph, and Ruth decided that if it was a daughter it should be called Naomi. And Ruth told of how when it was weaned she should take it up to the synagogue, and say, "O Lord! I am the woman that knelt before Thee praying. For this child I prayed, and Thou hast heard my prayer. Therefore, when she is grown I will lead her to Thee to serve in Thy house for ever." And Israel told of how his son should grow up to be

a priest to offer upon God's altar, and how in those days it should come to pass that the children of his father's enemies should crouch to him for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread. Thus they built themselves castles in the air for the future of the child that was to come.

Ruth's time came at last, and it was also the time of the feast of the Passover, being in the month of Nisan. This was a cause of joy to Israel, for he was eager to triumph over his enemies face to face, and he could not wait eight other days for the Feast of the Circumcision. So, according to the custom of the people of his country at the Feast of Tabernacles, he built himself an ark in the patio of his house, of the long canes that the Arabs bring to the markets. In this ark he set a supper fit for a king: the fore-leg of a sheep and the fore-leg of an ox, the egg roast and fire, the balls of Charoseth, the eight Mitzwoth, and the wine. And by the time the supper was ready the midwife had been summoned, and it was the day of the night of the Syder.

Then Israel sent messengers round the Mellah to summon his guests. Only his enemies he invited, his bitterest foes, his unceasing revilers, and among them were the three base

passover cakes had been broken, he called for the supper, and bade his guests to eat and drink as much as their hearts desired.

They could do neither now, for the fear that possessed them at sight of Israel's frenzy. The three old usurers, Abraham, Judah, and Reuben, rose to go, but Israel cried, "Stay! Stay, and see what is to come!" and under the very force of his will they yielded and sat down again.

Still Israel drank and laughed and derided them. In the wild torrent of his madness he called them by names they knew and by names they did not know—Harpagon, Shylock, Bildad, Elihu—and at every new name he laughed again. And while he carried himself so in the outer court the slave woman Fatima came from the inner room with word that the child was born.

At that Israel was like a man distraught. He leapt up from the table and faced full upon his guests, and cried, "Now you know what it is; and now you know why you are bidden to this supper! You are here to rejoice with me over my enemies! Drink! drink! Confusion to all of them!" And he lifted a winecup and drank himself.

They were abashed before him, and tried to edge out of the patio into the street; but he put his back to the passage, and faced them again.

"You will not drink?" he cried. "Then listen to me." He dashed the wine-cup out of his hand, and its silver broke into fragments on the floor. His laughter was gone, his face was aflame, and his voice rose to a shrill cry. "You foretold the doom of God upon me, you brought me low, you made me ashamed; but behold how the Lord has lifted me up! You set your women to prophesy that God would not suffer me to raise up children to be a reproach and a curse among my people; but God has this day given me a son like the best of you. More than that—more than that—my son shall yet see!"

The slave woman was touching his arm. "It is a girl," she said; "a girl!"

For a moment Israel stammered and paused. Then he cried: "No matter! She shall see your own children fatherless, and with none to show them mercy! She shall see the iniquity of their fathers remembered against them! She shall see them beg their bread, and seek it in desolate places! And now you can go! Go! go!"

He had stepped aside as he spoke, and with a sweep of his arm he was driving them all out like sheep before him, dumbfounded and with their eyes in the dust, when suddenly there was a low cry from the inner room.

It was Ruth calling for her husband. Israel wheeled about and went in to her hurriedly, and his enemies, by one impulse of evil instinct, followed him and listened from the threshold.

Ruth's face was a face of fear, and her lips moved, but no voice came from them.

And Israel said, "How is it with you, my dearest, joy of my joy and pride of my pride?"

Then Ruth lifted the babe from her bosom and said: "The Lord has counted my prayer to me as sin—the child is both dumb and blind!"

At that word Israel's heart died within him, but he muttered out of his dry throat, "No, no, never believe it!"

"True, true, it is true," she moaned, "the child has not uttered a cry, and its eyelids have not blinked at the light."

"Never believe it, I say!" Israel growled, and he lifted the babe in his arms to try it.

But when he had held it to the fading light of the window which opened upon the street where the woman called the prophetess had cursed him, the eyes of the child did not close, neither did their pupils diminish. Then his limbs began to tremble, so that the midwife took the babe out of his arms and laid it again on its mother's bosom.

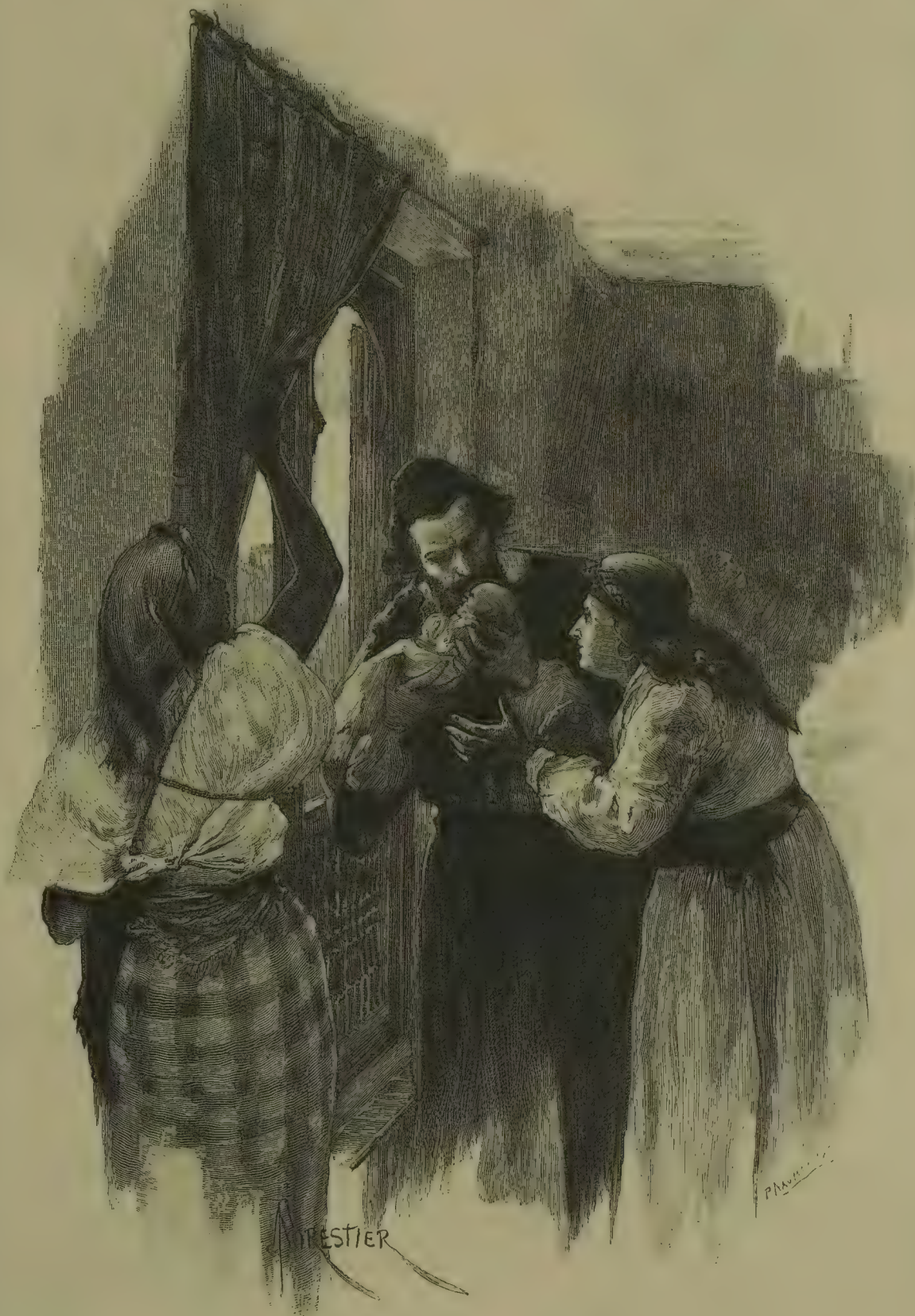
And Ruth wept over it, saying "Never can she serve in the synagogue! Never! Never!"

At that Israel began to curse and to swear. His enemies had now pushed themselves into the chamber, and they cried, "Peace! Peace!" And old Judah ben Lolo, the elder of the synagogue, grunted, and said, "Is it not written that no one afflicted of God shall minister in His temples?"

Then Israel stared around in silence into the faces about him, first into the face of his wife and then into the faces of his enemies whom he had bidden, and with a deep groan he staggered and fell to the floor.

The midwife and the slave lifted him up and ministered to him; but his enemies turned and left him, muttering among themselves, "The Lord killeth and maketh alive, He bringeth low and lifteth up, and into the pit that the evil man diggeth for another He causeth his foot to slip."

(To be continued.)



But when he held it to the fading light of the window, the eyes of the child did not close, neither did their pupils diminish.

usurers, Abraham Pigman, Judah ben Lolo, and Reuben Maliki. "They cursed me," he thought, "and I shall look on their confusion." His heart thirsted to summon Rebecca Benzabot also, but well he knew that her dainty masters would not sit at meat with her.

And when the enemies were bidden, all of them excused themselves and refused. But Israel was not to be gainsaid. He went out to them himself, and said, "Come, let bygones be bygones. It is the feast of our nation. Let us eat and drink together." So, partly by his importunity, but mainly in their bewilderment, they suffered themselves to go with him.

And when they were come into his house and were seated about his table in the patio, and he had washed his hands and taken the wine and blessed it, and passed it to all, and they had drunk together, he could not keep back his tongue from taunting them. Then when he had washed again and dipped the celery in the vinegar, and they had drunk of the wine once more, he taunted them afresh and laughed. But nothing yet had they understood of his meaning, and they looked into each other's faces and asked, "What is it?"

"Wait! Only wait!" Israel answered. "You shall see!" At that moment Ruth sent for him to her chamber, and he went in to her.

"I am a sorrowful woman," she said. "Some evil is about to befall—I know it, I feel it."

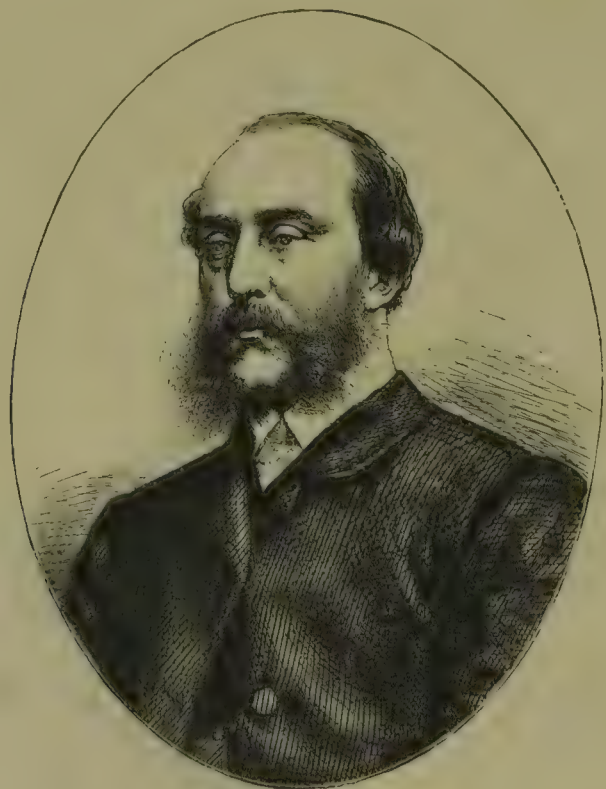
But he only rallied her and laughed again, and prophesied joy on the morrow. Then, returning to the patio, where the

#### TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Ninety-Eight (from Jan. 3 to June 27, 1891) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.



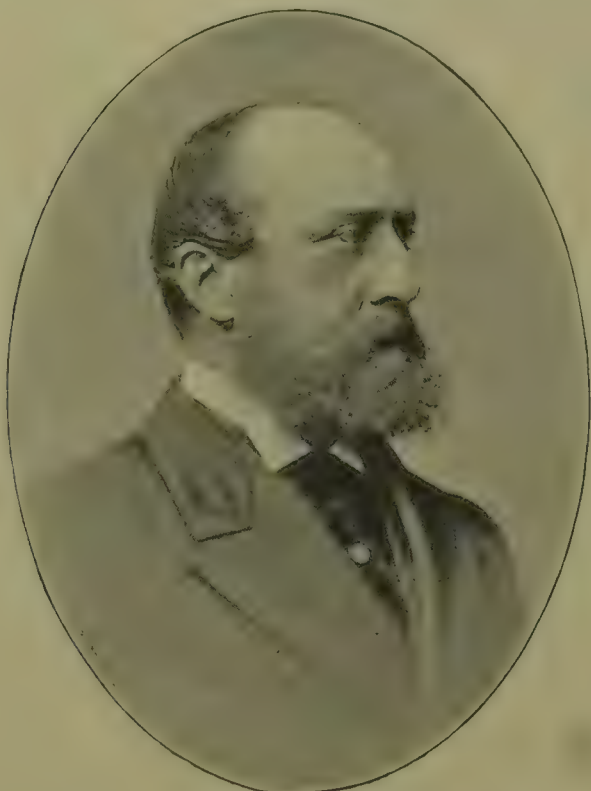
THE ROYAL WEDDING AT WINDSOR: THE BRIDE'S PARENTS.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE IN 1836.



CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR PARK, THE BRIDE'S HOME: SOUTH ASPECT.



H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, K.G.



H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.



## THE ROYAL WEDDING: PARENTS, HOME, AND FAMOUS ANCESTOR OF THE BRIDEGROOM.



THE DUKE OF ANHALT.



THE DUCHESS OF ANHALT.

## ANHALT-DESSAU AND ITS PRINCES.

The Duchy of Anhalt, comprising Anhalt-Dessau, Anhalt-Köthen, and Anhalt-Bernburg, with Zerbst north of the Elbe, is a German Principality, slightly greater in size and population than one of the small English counties, its extent being about equal to that of Huntingdonshire, and its population to that of Berkshire. It is situated to the south-west of Brandenburg, seventy or eighty miles from Berlin, occupying a portion of the country of the ancient Saxon Duchies, on the plains of the Elbe, between Magdeburg, belonging to the kingdom of Prussia, Wittenberg, to the east, Halle and Eisleben, to the south, beyond which are the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, the Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg, and the Kingdom of Saxony. Anhalt is a Sovereign State, like these and others, and is represented by two deputies in the Reichstag, and one member of the Bundesrath, of the German Empire, which commands all military forces and disposes of all foreign affairs, besides controlling the customs tariff, the railways and telegraphs,

and several matters of common interest to Germany. The domestic government is left to the Duke and the Minister of State, with a Diet of thirty-six members, twelve representing the nobles and great landowners, twelve elected by the towns, and twelve by the rural districts; there is a revenue of nearly half a million, partly derived from the State domains.

The origin of the Anhalt Duchies, and of the still reigning family, is referred to the twelfth century; their princes are lineal descendants of "Albert the Bear," Graf or Count of Ascanien and Ballenstädt, Markgraf of Brandenburg—which is the home and headquarters of the modern Prussian Monarchy—and one of the Seven Electors, in that age, of the "Holy Roman Empire," the other Electors being the Prince Archbishops of Mainz, Cologne, and Treves, the Duke of Saxony, the King of Bohemia, and the Prince Palatine. It was shortly before the arrival of Conrad of Hohenzollern, and before the conquest of Prussia, then a heathen region, by the Teutonic knights. Sons of Albert the Bear, who died in 1170, got princely settlements in the Anhalt territories, from which

the Wends and other Slavs had been driven out, and German or Flemish colonists had been introduced. The earliest mention of the town of Dessau is in 1213; it thrived steadily during the next century and a half, becoming the capital of Anhalt, while Köthen, Bernburg, and Zerbst were the residence of junior branches of the princely House. Yet it was but a small place towards the end of the seventeenth century, having suffered much in the Thirty Years' War. The number of inhabitants, however, was increased by the wise and tolerant policy of allowing religious freedom to Christians of all Protestant confessions, and even to the Jews. But the real commencement of prosperity and distinction for this little German city was the reign of Leopold I., the famous "Old Dessauer" of Carlyle's history of Frederick the Great.

This Leopold, a great soldier, military administrator, and author of effective improvements in the drilling and arming of troops for modern warfare, lived from 1676 to 1747, inheriting the Principality in 1693. At Berlin, in the reign of that strong, shrewd, rough, harsh, but mainly right-minded King



THE DUCAL PALACE AT DESSAU.



"THE OLD DESSAUER," LEOPOLD,  
PRINCE OF ANHALT-DESSAU, 1693 TO 1747.



SUMMER PALACE AT WÖRLITZ.



Friedrich Wilhelm, who is a hero more to Carlyle's taste than his celebrated son and successor, the Dessauer was the King's right-hand man, field-marshal and manager of all army business, having previously shown himself a valiant fighter in the time of King Frederick I., when a Prussian contingent joined the forces of Austria, England, and Holland against Louis XIV. He served under Dutch William at the siege of Namur; afterwards in the war of the Spanish Succession; he stoutly conducted the retreat after the affair of Hochstädt; he took part in the battle of Malplaquet; at Blenheim he commanded the right wing of the Allied Army, "and saved Prince Eugène, otherwise blown to pieces, while Marlborough stormed and conquered on the left." In 1705 he was in the fierce conflict at the bridge of Cassano, where Prince Eugène and Marshal Vendôme met in desperate encounter. The Austrian cavalry, again and again charging over the bridge, were thrice beaten back; the Dessauer, "impatient of such fiddling hither and thither, swashed across the stream, waist-deep or breast-deep, with his Prussian foot." His cartridges got wetted; he was wounded, and was angrily rebuked for his impetuosity, which caused a sad loss of men. In the year following he was with Prince Eugène at the storming of the French entrenchments around Turin. When Frederick William became King, in 1713, the French wars were ended by the Treaty of Utrecht. Two years later he was at war with Charles XII. of Sweden; and the Dessauer then performed a notable feat, by a night attack capturing the Isle of Rugen, off Stralsund harbour, and holding it, with a palisade and ditch made in a few hours, against the Swedish army supported by ships. But the most important work of this reign was that of military organisation, recruiting, drilling, and equipping the Prussian army, which became such a powerful instrument in the hands of Frederick II. Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, a family connection of the King on the maternal side, was his chief counsellor and administrator in that department. He is reputed the actual inventor of modern infantry tactics, of drilling troops to march with equal step, of the iron ramrod for musketry, and of many other details. In the daily evening Tobacco Council, or Smoking Session, held by the King with his trusted servants at Wusterhausen, so picturesquely described by Carlyle, the Dessauer's gruff voice was heard with due attention. This went on for ten years, till his quarrel with Grumkow, the cunning and venal manager of foreign diplomacy, caused Prince Leopold to withdraw from the Court. But there was a later period of brilliant activity for the "Old Dessauer," twenty years afterwards, under Frederick the Great. In 1745 he won a signal victory over the Saxons and Austrians at Kesseldorf, and assisted in the capture of Dresden, two years before his death. In memory of his services to the Kingdom of Prussia, there is a marble statue of him, by Schadow, in the city of Berlin.

On withdrawing from the royal Court, in 1725, to command the troops at Halle, this sturdy Prince Leopold, as we learn from a local record, bestowed especial care on the welfare of his own little capital, Dessau, whereby its population was almost doubled in the period of his rule. The same domestic policy was pursued by his successor, Leopold Friedrich Franz, from 1758 to 1817; the city was enlarged and adorned; trades and industries were encouraged; the later Dukes have rounded schools and colleges, promoted literary and scientific institutions, and collected works of art. In the market-place of Dessau stands a monument of the "Old Dessauer," erected in 1860, with the inscription, "Gross als Fürst und Held."

The reigning Duke of Anhalt, Leopold Frederick Francis Nicholas, was born in 1831, son of Duke Leopold Frederick and his consort, a Prussian princess; he succeeded his father in 1871. The Duchess of Anhalt, married in 1854, is her Highness Antoinette Charlotte Maria Josephine Caroline Frida, born in 1838, daughter of the late Prince of Saxe-Altenburg. Their eldest son, and heir to the duchy, is Prince Leopold, born in 1855, married in 1884 to Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Elector of Hesse-Cassel. Their other children are the Serene Highnesses Prince Frederick, born in 1856; Princess Elizabeth, married to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Prince Edward, born in 1861, at Dessau; Prince Aribert Joseph Alexander, born at Wörlitz on June 18, 1864, an officer of the Prussian army, the bridegroom of this royal wedding at Windsor; and Princess Alexandra, born in 1868. An aunt of the bridegroom, Princess Agnes, is married to the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg; another aunt, Princess Marie, is widow of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.

Dessau is a pleasant city, with about 35,000 inhabitants, on the banks of the Mulde, which flows into the Elbe two miles north of this city, in a plain agreeably diversified by fine woodlands and parks. The streets are wide, and the houses are well built. Among the principal edifices are the fine old Gothic church of St. Mary, adorned with interesting pictures by the Protestant painters Lucas Cranach and his son; the Schloss, or Duke's Palace, much altered within the last twenty years, with beautiful pleasure-gardens attached to it; the Palace of the Hereditary Prince, that of Princess Louise, the Court Theatre, the Ministry of State, and the Municipal Council House. Several monuments, including that of the virtuous and enlightened Jewish philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, a native of Dessau, and that erected to the memory of Anhalt soldiers killed in the last war between France and Germany, will attract the notice of visitors. Dessau has thriving sugar factories and woollen factories, and is an important railway centre.

Wörlitz, distant from the capital some ten miles eastward, is the summer residence of the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, with a large and very fine park, around the shores of a delightful lake. The Palace or Residenz of Wörlitz was built in the last century by Duke Franz of Anhalt, in the Grecian style of architecture; it contains good collections of pictures and of porcelain, especially much Wedgwood ware. There are many different gardens or pleasure-grounds, laid out with great taste and skill, pavilions and mimic temples, graceful bridges, and groups of statuary, in the Wörlitz demesne.

## LITERATURE.

### MR. HENLEY'S POEMS.

BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

It is now three years ago that the doves of criticism were fluttered by the publication of an unpretentious-looking little volume, bound in greyish white paper, and entitled simply "A Book of Verses," by William Ernest Henley.\* Absolutely unsensational in intention, the book created a very perceptible sensation in the literary world; exciting, on the one hand, ardent enthusiasm, and on the other hardly less ardent disparagement. On the whole, however, the disparaging voices were but few; for even those who so far failed in comprehension of the Hospital verses as to deem them brutal, or perverse in choice of motive, could not remain unmoved before the extraordinary beauty both of thought and craftsmanship of the other poems. And though the Hospital Rhymes offended some readers, much after the same fashion as Hotspur's soldiers hurt the sensibilities of "a certain lord," they won the unstinted admiration of others for their faultless purity of rhythm, their virile power, and the classic directness of their diction. The book was so well received that within a year of its publication a second issue, which included four new poems ("Friends," "If it should come to be," "Matri Dilectissimæ," and "A Ballade of June"), was announced, and this edition, again, met with such substantial proofs of esteem as to render a third necessary. This re-issue has just been produced, identical in size and contents with its immediate predecessor, as admirably printed as the others, but not quite happy as regards the colour and material of the cover, which, though inoffensive, is somewhat commonplace.

There are not many minor minstrels who could boast three editions in as many years; but, to be sure, Mr. Henley has nothing in common with the minor minstrel. So peculiarly his own are his style, his method, and his thoughts that he stands alone among living poets, with no one beside him and no one above him. His range of motives is as wide as his way of handling them is masterly and appropriate. Perhaps he is at his very best in irregular unrhymed rhythms—most difficult and dangerous of poetical means. Sculpturesque yet full of colour, majestic and, withal, most passionately human, such poems as "Casualty," "Margarita Sorori," "The Spirit of Wine," "Music," and many another, some with a touch of wistful melancholy, others brimming over with the joy of life, should live as long as English literature. So much has been said, and well said, about the poems individually that all but general comment would seem needless. Yet to speak of the book at all without separate mention of the lines commencing "Out of the night" or of those which begin with "Crosses and troubles" were impossible, for they are two of the finest things therein.

The verses in Provençal measures are brilliantly done; while as for the impressionistic studies and the lyrics, the first are marvels of original observation joined with felicitous expression; the second sing themselves to you—sometimes tender, sometimes grave, but more generally with a strain of heroic optimism running through the lilt of the song.

But, whether he rhyme or rhyme not, Mr. Henley's verse is always poetry, and nearly always classic. His Muse needs not to don peplum or chiton, for 'tis the having something to say, and the power of saying it in the best possible manner, that invests art with the true spirit of the antique. Happy is he who can successfully give artistic expression to the life of his own period, which, after all, cannot but be rich in inspiration. This is what the greatest masters in every art have attempted from time immemorial, and Mr. Henley has done well to follow their example.

### MARION CRAWFORD'S NEW STORY.

*Khaled: A Tale of Arabia.* By F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan and Co.)—Mr. Crawford's talent is inexhaustible and versatile. He has written fairy tales, romances of almost prehistoric ages, modern tragedy, endless stories, pretty, provoking, and occasionally dull. Once upon a time, Mr. Crawford tried his hand at a piece of realism. "To Leeward" is the most powerful book he has produced; but the average novel-reader, the "stodgy" reader as Mr. Grant Allen would call him, said the subject was "so disagreeable, you know." Mr. Crawford took the hint, and wrote no more stories in which the canons of modern respectability were set at naught. The most facile of workmen, he probably shrugged his shoulders and said, "They don't like that. Well, I can do most other things too"; and he has done most other things, much too copiously, and consequently not always well. It matters nothing to Mr. Crawford whether he writes a hundred words or a thousand, one volume or half a dozen. Given a theme, he turns out endless work with agreeable fluency, is generally amusing, and seldom tiresome. The stream is very shallow as a rule, perhaps, but you have a pleasant sense that Mr. Crawford could be mighty deep if he chose; and, at any rate, he has a genuine gift of story-telling, and if you forget every syllable as soon as you have read it, you cannot say that he does not fulfil his bargain. For instance, "Khaled" is a tale of Arabia. There it is on the title-page. There can be no deception. You know exactly what you will get: a new "Arabian Nights Entertainment," all about a genie who was made a man, and promised a soul if he could win the love of a woman. It takes Khaled two whole volumes to accomplish this feat, partly because the woman is more than usually perverse (this ought to make Mr. Thomas Hardy quite envious), but chiefly because Mr. Crawford never does anything under two volumes. So now and then you feel inclined to nod, for the lady is desperately argumentative, a perfect Sir Charles Russell in Oriental draperies, and she talks poor Khaled perfectly dumb. Then the Eastern imagery, of which Mr. Crawford has an unlimited command, lends itself to graceful verbosity, and also, it must be admitted, to a very pretty wit. Luckily,

\* *A Book of Verses.* By W. E. Henley. Third Edition. David Nutt, 1891.

the loquacious lady is not the only woman in the book, for there is another who kills two husbands in rapid succession with a very fine bodkin, and with a neatness and dispatch which may give Mr. Hardy another pang of jealousy. The book is too long by a good half; but we must take Mr. Crawford the workman as he is, and not sigh too much because he is not always Mr. Crawford the artist.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

Professor Dowden has undertaken to edit Wordsworth for the "Aldine Poets," so that at length we may anticipate a really good edition of a poet who has been issued by every publisher, but never entirely satisfactorily. For years the only complete editions were those of Edward Moxon, now the property of Messrs. Ward and Lock. That firm still holds the copyright of the "Prelude" and Miss Fenwick's notes, but has quite recently sold a part interest in these to Mr. Paterson for Professor Knight's edition of Wordsworth, and to Messrs. Macmillan for Mr. John Morley's edition. In spite of its innumerable textual errors, Professor Knight's edition will always be the accepted book for the select few who care to follow Wordsworth into all the minute changes of his work—changes sometimes to the extent of five different readings. But there is no popular edition annotated by all the newer light. Mr. John Morley's book, with its unsatisfactory classification and arrangement, only partially satisfies. A reissue in small handy volumes which shall come to us stamped with the high authority of Professor Dowden will be very welcome.

Professor Dowden has already told us—reviewing Mr. John Morley's "Wordsworth" in the *Academy*—what he thinks are the conditions which should characterise a new edition of Wordsworth. He would give Wordsworth's latest text and adopt Wordsworth's arrangement of the poems; he would give a chronological table at the end, and an appendix of selected readings presenting the earlier text in the case of poems seriously injured by Wordsworth's rehandlings; finally, Professor Dowden, shadowing forth an ideal edition of Wordsworth, declared that there should be no introductory essay and no author's name but that of Wordsworth on the title-page. One doubts if Messrs. Bell and Son will care to adopt this last suggestion, or that Professor Dowden will prize it so highly now he is brought face to face with the actual task of editing.

Some time ago Mr. Stopford Brooke published a pamphlet appealing for subscriptions to purchase Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere—that cottage in which the early years of his married life were spent, and where he wrote some of the most distinctly valuable of his poems. The house has now been purchased at the cost of £650, all of which was subscribed by enthusiastic Wordsworthians throughout the country. A number of trustees have been appointed, including Sir Horace Davey, M.P., Professor Bryce, M.P., Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. George Lillie Craik, and other gentlemen, and there seems every probability of a permanent Wordsworth memorial in the Lake district, with a library of books treating of the poet, first editions of his works, and so on.

Mr. George Meredith is writing a short story for the *Illustrated London News*, which will afterwards be republished with three others by the same author which have not yet appeared in volume form—at least, in England—"The Case of General Ogle and Lady Campan," "Chloe," and "The House on the Beach."

Mrs. Pennell is not as much at home in a boat as she is on a tricycle. There is a quaint inexperience in her account of a month spent between Oxford and London in "The Stream of Pleasure" (T. Fisher Unwin). Boating men will read many surprising things in this volume, but criticism is disarmed at the outset by the naïve confession, "I had never steered, I—had scarcely ever rowed a boat, and between us we had not the least idea how to manage it." J— is, of course, Mr. Pennell, whose racy comments are not so conspicuous in this book as in some others. Many of his line drawings are excellent, but in some instances the reproduction has done the artist an ill turn.

Captain Andrew Haggard shows a touching devotion to his brother's reputation by following in his footsteps. "A Strange Tale of a Scarabæus" (Kegan Paul) is an Egyptian romance manifestly inspired by Mr. Rider Haggard's researches in the land of the Pharaohs. Captain Haggard tells his tale in verse, of which this is a fair specimen—

For to woman joy's excess  
Doth a bridal ever cause;  
To more brutal man 'tis loss,  
But a phase of Nature's laws.

It is not difficult to write a hundred and sixty-eight pages in this style, but Mr. Rider Haggard may feel some qualm of fraternal misgiving when he reflects upon his responsibility.

The *British Weekly* of July 2 published a "Barrie Supplement" devoted to the literary achievements of Mr. J. M. Barrie, who is best known as the author of "A Window in Thrums." The supplement furnishes illustrations of the Auld Licht Kirk, the Auld Licht Manse, and the veritable "window" in Thrums which inspired Mr. Barrie's inimitable sketches.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"Sweet Content," by Mrs. Molesworth, illustrated by W. Rainey (Griffith and Farran); "The Business of Travel," by W. Fraser Rae (T. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus); "The Rural Economy and Agriculture of Australia and New Zealand," by Professor Wallace (Sampson Low and Co.); "English Writers, Vol. VI., Caxton to Coverdale," by Henry Morley (Casells); "The Story of the 'Imitatio Christi,'" by L. A. Wheatley (Elliot Stock); "History of the Modern Styles of Architecture," by James Fergusson, third edition, revised by Robert Kerr, 2 vols. (John Murray); "The History of St. Martin's Church, Canterbury," a monograph by the Rev. Charles Francis Routledge (Kegan Paul and Co.); "The Rambles of a Dominic," by F. A. Knight (Wells Gardner). K.



## OF HAPPY MARRIAGES.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Of all the grand doings of the week the wedding is the most attractive. That is more particularly our own affair; and for many of us, including the whole female population of Great Britain, the use of the rest of the festivities is to set this one off. Indeed, the common impression in unfashionable circles is that the wedding is the occasion of all these magnificent goings on; and in unfashionable circles they are content that it should be so. For Popular Opinion makes fewer mistakes about personal character than about anything else. It does sometimes err, and does err egregiously; but even then, perhaps, the error may be traced (as in the case of Queen Caroline, to take a comparatively remote instance) to the interference of public writers, pamphleteers, and preachers; whereby estimations which are generally accurate become perverted. The common opinion of every known member of the royal family is, I believe, a true one; and though not ten in a thousand of us would say why we think what we think (taking the whole nation through), yet the popular idea of Princess Christian and of the Princess her daughter, who was married the other day, is distinct and just as well as all that both could wish. It would be presumptuous to say more than that goodness of heart and simplicity of character are the groundwork of that idea, and that the outcome of it is a sincere and lively hope that the marriage will be a happy one.

And when all the little humourists and satirists have had their say, it remains true that there is no greater blessing for mankind on earth than a happy marriage. It may be said in haste that good health is a greater blessing yet; but good health must be assumed, for without it marriage cannot be happy quite. But with good health and good temper, he or she who is happily married may triumph easily over all the ills of life. Clever men laugh at "Love in a cot, with water and a crust," but they are aware that they cannot do so without first whistling the love away, which makes nonsense of their laughter. There is no greater leveller than happiness in marriage. If death makes all men equal, so does love as truly. In Roumania there is a poor young prince whose sweetheart has been banished from his sight, she weeping the more the farther she departs from him. This very afternoon there sat on a stile overlooking a horse-pond not a hundred miles from St. Alban's a young man to whom a young woman had just said, "Thomas, I would not marry thee though every hair of thy head was strung with di'monds." Thomas is a farming man of no account, but fate has sunk him and the prince to such an equality of woe that they are mere brethren, and either would as lief mourn in velveteens by a horsepond as anywhere else. They are nothing but their grief, and their grief is the same, and their only hope of relief from it is all as one; and we know what equality there is there. And so with the joys as well as the sorrows. The good little sempstress who wakes on a fine Sunday morning in her garret, views her one nice gown spread upon a chair, opens her heart to the thought of her unquestionable Jack and the walk to "The Spaniards"—she is as high in heaven as any princess at the altar: no spirit outsoars or outsings her own.

The happiness of happy marriage is like that—in the levellings up, at least. Conditions of life are neither here nor there if you are born into them and they are short of absolute penury. A little house, and little in it; a great house, full of fine things in silks and satins and silver and gold: put into each a man and woman born for one another, as they say—mates, comrades, lovers—and do you think that much of a difference comes in with the mutton bone at two o'clock and the venison at half-past eight? Not much. None, if the two couples are equally good creatures by nature, which, since they are both happily married, 'tis ten to one they are. And what else but felicity in marriage could put the two homes on such a level? Nothing else, if we think only of the good things of this world. If the rich home were bereaved, what but the happiness of the poor one

would be envied? When the poor one loses that which made it bright, what on earth can repair the loss?

To be sure, a perfect happiness in marriage is not common, but yet it is not so rare as some would have us believe. Snatches of it are known to many a Nancy whose William Sikes bangs her by the ditch-side, and slouches on ten yards ahead while she goes weeping after, faithful as that dog of his. Spells of it relieve the too heavy or too empty days of all sorts of people; and what the mere remembrance of it is, however broken, you may know when you hear a woman sigh and say, "Well, I had my time." But to many it comes to abide from first

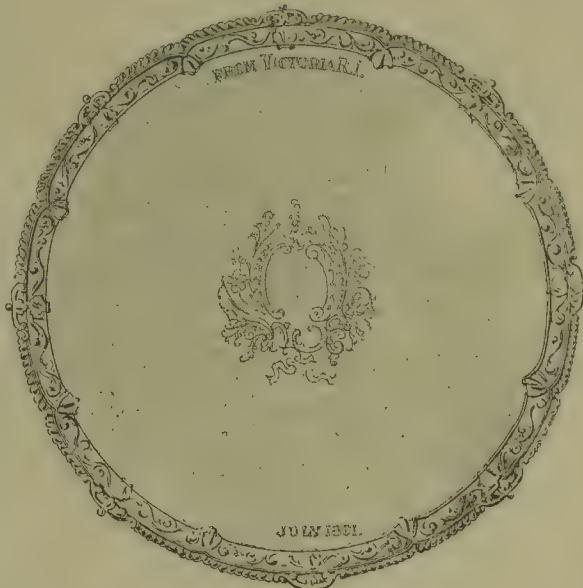
men with women in the ordinary way of conversation. But there are spaces in the mind of each—but of women most, and by far the most—which, though they are not as desert as the moon, remain as silent, and almost as infrequent, till the born-for-each-other meet in the sure confidences of married life. Thus it is that even an imperfectly happy marriage is a liberal education: without that, or the greater advantage, I say again that there can be no complete converse of mankind. But this is only a part of the good it brings; while as for perfectly happy marriage, I am glad to see from a very learned book just published that there is likely to be more of that blessing and delight as the world grows older; for (as we understand its components) it is nearly a new thing. -Wise as they were, "the ancients" were much more deficient in the wherewithal of sentiment, and whole nations know nothing of it to this day.

## THE TOMB OF POPE ALEXANDER VI.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

The growth of myth and legend about the members of the renowned and decried house of Borgia is only what was to be expected. The extraordinary thing is to find writers on the subject, instead of alleging knowledge which they do not possess, disclaiming knowledge which might most easily have been in their possession. When an author in general so thoroughly well versed in the history of the Borgias as M. Charles Yriarte, in his recent work, "Autour des Borgia," professes ignorance "under what nameless stone in St. Peter's Pope Alexander VI. may sleep," we can only express amazement that the savant should here expose himself to correction from the sciolist. When so excellent a journal as the *New York Nation* copies M. Yriarte undoubtedly, it seems high time to state the actual truth of the matter.

There is really no doubt or obscurity whatever about Pope Alexander's sepulchre, save as regards the very latest incidents in its history, which have not yet had time to become generally known. The Pope, his master of the ceremonies tells us, was interred the day after his death in St. Peter's, near the tomb of his uncle, Calixtus III., in the chapel of Santa Maria della Febbre. The bodies of the two Popes remained there until the chapel was demolished by Sixtus V., in 1586. Monsignor Vives, Apostolic Protonotary, who, as a Spaniard, may have been entrusted with the guardianship of the remains of Spanish Popes, removed them to another spot in the church, indicated *as retro organa*. Another demolition necessitated another migration in 1605, when the same Vives not only honourably reinterred the bodies, but erected a monument, which was again destroyed, and the Papal ashes once more disturbed, five years afterwards. Weary, it would seem, of the incessant shuffle, Vives obtained the consent of the reigning Pope to transport the coffins and their contents to the Spanish church of St. Mary of Montserrat, where he proposed to erect a monument worthy of these celebrated Pontiffs. Unfortunately, he quarrelled with the clergy of the church, and the mortal part of the Popes he desired to honour remained for nearly three centuries inside the hollow pillar where they had been temporarily deposited, although one of the most influential Cardinals of the Papal Court at that time was a Borgia, and the name (said, we know not if truly, to have been recently extinguished in the person of a poor Lombard photographer) was long borne by persons of wealth and rank. At length, in 1881, it seems to have occurred to some Spaniards that this state of things was disgraceful to their nation, and a fitting, if modest, monument was erected, consisting of a marble urn surmounted by the tiara, and adorned by the medallion portraits of the two Popes. This, however, was at first a mere cenotaph, and not until 1889 did the rector of the church, Monsignor Benavides, take steps to liberate the bodies from their unseemly immurement in the hollow pillar, like Ariel in the cloven pine. The *procès verbal* attendant upon the operation is given in the Bulletin of the Royal Spanish Academy of History for February last. It is indeed a tale for a Hamlet to moralise upon. The outer leaden coffin having been opened, it was found to contain a small wooden box, on which was pasted a paper, with these words in Spanish: "The bones of two Popes are in this coffer, and are Calixtus and Alexander VI., and they were Spaniards." The coffer itself was found entirely full of bones, belonging to two persons, as appeared from the remains of two separate skulls being among them. It contained nothing else except some vestiges of stuff and gold thread. The remains were transferred to a new coffer, duly inscribed and sealed, and accompanied by an account of the proceedings, written on parchment and enclosed in a glass tube. The box was then placed in the original leaden coffin, and the whole deposited within the monument erected in 1881.



THE ROYAL WEDDING: SILVER SALVERS,  
THE QUEEN'S GIFT TO THE BRIDEGROOM.

to last—in the husbandman's cottage, in the great house, in the rear of the cobbler's stall; but oftenest, perhaps, in homes that are neither rich nor poor, though not on that account. Money has nothing to do with it, nor education much; except that education of sentiment which, it seems, may go on without the help of books or even of learning to spell.

But let no one despise imperfect happiness in marriage; what there is of it cannot be matched, so long as it is of the right quality. For one thing, there is no complete converse, in the older and broader sense of the word, out of the communion of marriage more or less happy. Men talk with each other; women talk with each other; and



THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE WEDDING PRESENTS AT CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR PARK.



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT WINDSOR.



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Once upon a time, when Sir Richard Temple's remarkable physiognomy had not lost its endearing novelty, he allowed a burst of merriment to escape him in the middle of an opponent's speech. "The Burmese idol laughs," growled Mr. O'Kelly below the gangway. I thought of that incident the other evening, when Sir Richard, in the course of a philippic against the Education Bill, declared that the School Board was an ogre which would devour the voluntary schools. The spectacle of Sir Richard lamenting the appetite of ogres produces what the Serjeant, in his philosophical way, calls the paroxysm of paradox. "It came on me so strong," he said, "that I was obliged to go out and laugh in the lobby. Have you ever heard the rhyme about the cassowary upon the plains of Timbuctoo? Well, Temple thinks the School Board ogre will 'eat up all the voluntary schools, fees, and hymn-books too!'" That is also the opinion of Mr. Jennings. Since the famous party which was composed of Mr. Jennings and Lord Randolph broke up, the member for Stockport has shown a tendency to predict the collapse of our most sacred institutions. No doubt the shock of parting from his noble friend has disposed him to pessimism, especially with regard to the policy of Conservative Governments. When Lord Randolph shaped his views according to the sagacious advice of Mr. Jennings, that gentleman was by no means eager to near the crack of doom in every proposal of a Tory advance. But now he pours gloomy admonition into the ear of Mr. W. H. Smith, who is astonished to learn that he is a reckless revolutionary. While Mr. Jennings is speaking, the First Lord of the Treasury glances anxiously at his colleagues to see whether they are wearing red caps of liberty and other anarchical emblems. Is it possible that Mr. Jennings is right, and that the Government are really handing over the denominational schools to the Radical tormentors? The idea makes great drops stand out on Mr. Smith's brow. He hastily wipes them away, and declares that the speeches of his honourable friends have given him the "deepest pain." How can they imagine that a Conservative Government would do anything so iniquitous as to destroy the voluntary schools?

This pathetic scene arises from the protest of the Conservative malcontents against the clause in the Bill which provides that where the voluntary schools do not supply free education the Department must call School Boards into existence. At present there are many districts in which voluntary schools have a monopoly. Either they must go to the expense of freeing education for a certain number of children, or they must suffer the mortification of seeing their dreaded competitor established in their midst. Moreover, if they make a free section among their scholars, how can they expect parents to go on paying fees? This is the mournful string on which Sir Richard Temple and Mr. Jennings harped so dolefully, while Mr. Smith listened with the "deepest pain." To the Radicals below the gangway it was delightful music. Mr. Picton hummed the air like a virtuoso, and Mr. Cremer kept time with a gentle tattoo. The comparative ease with which the Education Bill has been passed through the House is entirely due to the intense gratification of these gentlemen at the despair of the old Tories. If Sir Richard Temple, Mr. Jennings, Mr. Howorth, and Mr. Bartley had supported the Bill with enthusiasm, then the sturdy Radicals would have been up in arms. Mr. Labouchere's theory that the business of an Opposition is to oppose everything would have been put into active operation, and the Bill might have been lost for the Session.

Possibly Mr. Labouchere entertained the hope that Mr. Matthews would offer an opportunity for a little diversion. The Home Secretary was put through a catechism about the conduct of certain policemen at Aldershot who made an unfounded charge against a young woman. Reminiscences of the Cass case brought a flush of pride to the cheek of Mr. Atherley Jones. He remembered the glorious afternoon when he defeated the Government, and when his impassioned eloquence about the wrongs of Miss Cass threatened the very existence of the Ministry. But Mr. Matthews was determined not to give another chance of distinction to Mr. Atherley Jones. He has lived too long in dread of that redoubtable advocate to repeat the blunder which no nearly proved fatal. So he checkmated the Radicals by proposing that the Aldershot policemen should be prosecuted and by offering to pay the expenses. This extraordinary generosity is regarded as the surest sign we have had yet of the approach of a general election. "When Matthews melts into magnanimity," said the Serjeant, with fine alliteration, "then is a dissolution near. The next thing will be that Raikes will fall on the neck of Henniker Heaton, and declare with tears that an international penny post has always been nearest his heart."

But there is still a grievance below the gangway. Why have Ministers neglected to arrange a visit by the German Emperor to the House of Commons? The Kaiser is not partial to Parliamentary institutions, but that is an excellent reason for giving him a wholesome lesson. If he could sit upstairs among the distinguished strangers, the Radicals would be happy to raise a debate which could not fail to edify him. They would show him, at all events, what authority is exercised by the representatives of democracy in this country. "We should give him a few ideas about labour questions," says Mr. Pickersgill. "What is the good of his inspecting fleets and going to lunch with Gog and Magog? He had much better come and listen to me. I'd teach him a thing or two about the nonsense of having empires and foreign policy. He might learn what Socialism really means from Cuninghame Graham; and Seymour Keay would be delighted to give him a few hints about finance. Here's an unequalled chance for educating an Emperor, and I'm blest if they don't send him to the opera!"

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the most singular and curious members of the fish class is the mud-fish or *Protopterus*, which has a rarer neighbour, the *Lepidosiren* and the *Ceratodus* of Australia, to keep it company in the special order of fishes constituted for the reception of these forms. Professor W. N. Parker has lately been engaged in a very thorough examination of the anatomy of the *Protopterus*, and has placed on record not a few facts to which naturalists will turn with interest and appreciation. The peculiar position of these fishes in the zoological series is due to their presenting marked differences in structure from their piscine neighbours. Thus, while ordinary fishes have a heart composed of two chambers or compartments, the mud-fish and its neighbours possess a three-chambered organ—a character which, of course, exhibits a near approach to the frogs and reptiles. In addition to its possession of gills, the mud-fish class has its air-bladder made double and converted into lungs; so that these fishes are fitted for a life which may be truly described as amphibious, in that they are capable of breathing air directly from the atmosphere by their lungs, or of using the air entangled in the water by aid of their gills. The habits of the *Protopterus* and its kith and kin are, in their way, peculiar, as, indeed, becomes their structure. Thus, in the wet season—the fishes inhabit the Gambia and Amazon waters—they swim about in the pools and rivers, and their gills must then be functionally active in providing for their due respiration; but on the approach of the dry season the fishes burrow downwards into the soft mud, and there lie throughout the dry season in a torpid condition. It is, of course, when in this latter and dry condition that the lungs come into play as organs of breathing.

Professor Parker tells us that when the fish has passed into its mud cocoon, this investment is found to be provided with a kind of lid, which is perforated by a tube or funnel. The funnel passes directly into the lips of the animal, and thus conveys air into the mouth and thence to the lungs. We are further informed regarding the means whereby the nourishment of the fish is maintained during its torpid summer sleep. There exists along the spine-region of the fish a store of fatty material which seems to be absorbed into the blood by way of renewing and repairing that fluid; while Mr. Parker points out that certain of the tail-muscles may undergo a process of fatty degeneration, and may thus assist the work of nourishing the dormant animal. That the white blood cells, or "leucocytes," of the fish may be the means of utilising the degenerated muscular matter, is an idea which receives much support from recent knowledge regarding the work these bodies accomplish in higher life. Then there remains the question of the exact relations of the mud-fishes to the fishes, on the one hand, and to the frogs and reptiles, on the other. Many naturalists regard them as links connecting the fishes and the frogs; but our recent knowledge of the mud-fishes seems to forbid this view being entertained. The truth is, that what we do know of the fishes under notice leads to the conclusion that their genealogy extends much further back than the period which would place them before us as an offshoot from the fishes in the direction of the frogs. It is probably, says Professor Parker, that the mud-fishes are "the isolated survivors of an exceedingly ancient group, which was probably related to the ancestors of existing fishes and amphibians"—the last class being represented by the frogs and newts. If this view of things be correct, there is no saying how far back in the fossil record we may have to pass, theoretically, to arrive at the beginnings of the mud-fish tribe. The worst of it is that the fossil record is largely (and always will be) incomplete and fragmentary in its character; and we may have to content ourselves with the fact that we can study the mud-fishes in the flesh to-day, and can at least congratulate ourselves on having still with us representatives of such a highly aristocratic and ancient race of animals.

It is not often that we have such survivals from the "files of time" dwelling with us to-day. There is a little shellfish or brachiopod, called the *Lingula*, which makes its appearance as a fossil in wellnigh the oldest group of rocks which contain fossils at all, and it is still alive. How many species of both higher and lower forms have become extinct, never to reappear, while the *lingula* has held on to this "fine old world of ours," geologists alone can tell. The pearly nautilus among cuttle-fishes, last of the Mohicans in the sense that it is the only living four-gilled member of the group, is another illustration of a quaint survival of past life. Such forms, like the mud-fishes, contrive to secure a hold on life through some excellent adaptation or other to the changed circumstances of existence, and it is in virtue of this accommodation to their surroundings that they are able to survive when many other and higher animals have gone to the wall.

An interesting question has been raised in a medical journal in the form of the query whether persons who live largely or wholly on a vegetable dietary exhibit habitually a lower temperature than is natural to ordinary or mixed feeders. The normal human temperature is 98.5 deg. Fahrenheit, subject, of course, to slight variations, both above and below, in accordance with the period of day and night, work, food, and other conditions. A correspondent of the journal in question, who is a total abstainer from alcohol, and whose diet consists largely of vegetables and fruits, with, however, the addition of butter, milk, cheese, eggs, and a little fish, says that his temperature ranges from 96 deg. to 97.4 deg. Fahrenheit. Before his three years' trial on the dietary in question, his temperature, "in so far as he remembers," had never fallen under 98 deg. Fahrenheit, and in respect of the diet-habits and reduced temperature his wife agrees with him. I would suggest that we must demand a vast amount of systematic observation before we can definitely settle whether any form of diet, sufficient to sustain the body and to give us the power of doing a fair amount of work, is necessarily associated with a lower temperature than that we regard as healthy and normal. Detached observations are of no service whatever in such an investigation, and, to my mind, the personal equation is a factor of tremendous import in affecting such experimentation as that to which my contemporary alludes. Besides, one would like to hear an explanation of the somewhat curious fact that, in the case noted, both the male and female temperature exhibit (as I understand the account) a like lowering and within similar limits. I should have expected that the variation, which we know makes itself felt in the male and female temperatures, would have come to the front equally in the alleged alteration of the bodily heat under the dietetic experiments which have been detailed. Be this as it may, the whole question of temperature in relation to food is an important one, although I should certainly hesitate at present to conclude that a vegetarian can exist as healthily, and can work as readily and comfortably, with a lowered temperature (meaning reduced combustion, and that the human engine is banking its fires somewhat) as an ordinary feeder with his normal standard of heat.

## THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

It is fitting that the Emperor William's visit to England should be marked by the appearance of a book which is by far the best account of the Kaiser's personal history, and especially of the forces which have contributed to the formation of a remarkable character. Mr. Harold Frederic has enjoyed exceptional opportunities in the collection of his materials for the biography of "The Young Emperor William II. of Germany" (T. Fisher Unwin). Much of his information is new to the English public, and not a little of it will cause considerable surprise. Mr. Frederic is familiar with the extraordinary episodes which preceded the Emperor's accession, and his view of the lamentable incidents which accompanied the Emperor Frederick's struggles with a mortal malady is scarcely harmonious with the popular opinion in this country. With the controversial matter which occupies a considerable portion of this book it is not necessary to deal at any length. Mr. Frederic tells the story of the dying Kaiser with many graphic touches. For the first time, the English public has an opportunity of seeing the standpoint from which Germans regard the late Emperor's character, and certainly Mr. Frederic tells us some things which are startling. For instance, it is news that the father of the Emperor William was looked upon as an actor by his countrymen. This opinion was based upon the book written by Gustav Freytag after the Emperor's death—a work which made a great impression in Germany, but has not attracted much attention in England. Freytag, who owed much to the Emperor, repaid the kindness of his Sovereign by printing trivial details gathered from their personal intimacy, and set forth with a hostile bias which deprives them of any historical value. What reasonable person cares to know, for example, that Frederick wore his Hohenzollern collar of gold one evening when he talked to Freytag about the Imperial dignity with which he wished to see his family invested? What Englishman will think any the worse of him because he encouraged the popular idea that he was in the habit of smoking a pipe? Who among us will regard his memory with supercilious pity because he was so devoted to his wife and children that he looked at their photographs with tears in his eyes when he was far away from them amid the perils and anxieties of the great war? Of the ludicrous triviality of these matters Mr. Frederic does not seem to be aware, though he has the right to enumerate them as contributory causes of that popular distemper against Frederick which was so sedulously cultivated by his enemies. A more serious point is the assertion that Frederick was not sincere in his liberal views, because he originated the idea of the German Empire, and attached to it a romantic and even mediæval grandeur which sprang from his impressionable nature. This alleged contradiction presents no difficulty to anyone who takes a broad view of Frederick's character. There is absolutely no reason to suppose that had he not been stricken by a mortal disease he would have shown more regard for fantastic theories of his personal exaltation than for the needs and welfare of his people. It is a sufficient vindication of Frederick that his son who has inherited this romantic conception of the Imperial Throne has, within the last year or two, shown so strong an inclination towards those very liberal views for which Bismarck detested Frederick, and for the sake of which the Bismarck dynasty has been dashed to pieces.

It is in this development of the Emperor William's character that the chief interest of Mr. Frederic's book is concentrated. At the outset William was certainly dominated by the influence of his military training and by the personal magnetism of Bismarck. Nothing could be more absolute than the theories which the young Emperor propounded at the beginning of his reign. Never was there so complete a revolution in a man's habits of mind in so short a time. The culminating significance of this change is the Emperor's visit to this country. When he came to the throne, William II. was alienated from England. There were family affairs which estranged him from his English kinsfolk. But almost simultaneously with his emancipation from the thrall of Bismarck, he made advances to the royal house, which that great Minister had always regarded with unconcealed aversion. His first visit to our shores gave him a lively impression of the English naval power. Mr. Frederic tells many amusing stories; but perhaps the most diverting is the anecdote of the Emperor's pride in his newly acquired title of a British admiral, which he took so seriously that when he went to Athens he paid such attention to the British Squadron that the officers complained of the incessant inspections to which they were subjected. "If he would merely wear the uniform and let it end with that," they said, "we shouldn't mind. But we didn't make him admiral to worry the lives out of us in this fashion."

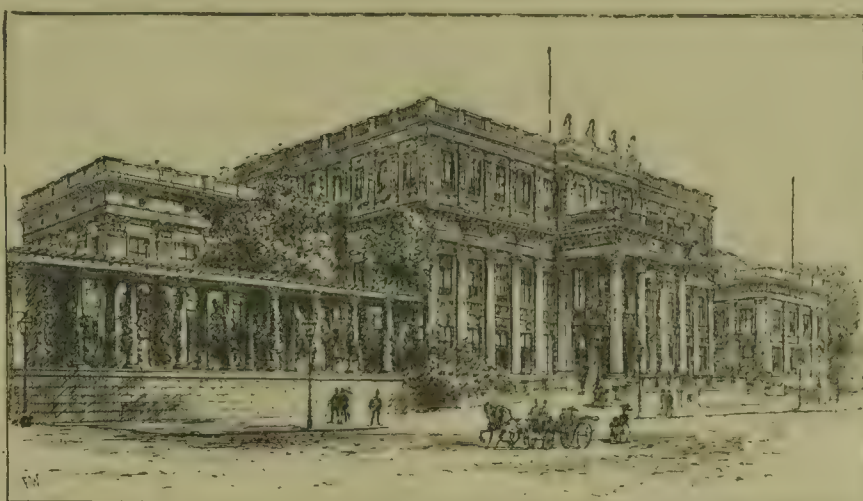
This restless and overpowering energy is the Emperor's dominant characteristic. He is the one monarch in Europe who is devoured by a sense of personal responsibility. As Mr. Frederic finely says, he has re-created kingship, and made it a real and momentous force in Continental politics. He is certainly impulsive, and it may be doubtful whether his Imperial Socialism will, in the long run, regenerate social order in Germany; but it is impossible not to sympathise with his earnest solicitude for the wellbeing of his people. Even if it is only a dream, it is more human and certainly more politic than the repressive system which it has superseded. The Emperor has already introduced notable reforms into the educational, commercial, and industrial elements of the national life; and even the German Socialists have begun to treat him with marked respect. He has put an end, moreover, to the religious war which was waged by Bismarck against the Catholics, with disastrous results to the general tranquillity. In England we may smile at some of the stories of the Emperor's impetuosity. His craving for military inspection must have already produced a ferment in the red-tape officialdom of the British Army. Never were our troops inspected with such feverish zeal as the Kaiser has displayed since he landed on our shores. In every branch of affairs he displays the same nervous intensity. He is as eager in hunting as he is in routing out the Berlin garrison at unearthly hours. His method of dismissing Ministers has the same swift decision, dashed with a certain grim humour. One official knew it was time to go when he received the Emperor's photograph signed with a dashing hand below the ominous words *Sic volo, sic jubeo*. Whatever his faults and limitations, he is every inch a king, and, much as the English nation admired and loved his father, they cannot deny to the son qualities which appeal forcibly to the imagination, and which make every lover of freedom wish well to this courageous young monarch, who has shown such capacity and such praiseworthy ambition as rarely distinguish the kingly office in these latter days.



PALACES OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, WILLIAM II.



THE ROYAL PALACE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM I., BERLIN.



THE CROWN PRINCE'S PALACE, BERLIN, RESIDENCE OF EMPRESS FREDERICK.



THE OLD PALACE, BERLIN (FROM THE LUSTGARTEN).



PALACE OF CHARLOTTENBURG.



THE ORANGERIE, POTSDAM.



THE NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM.



THE MARBLE PALACE, POTSDAM.



THE OLD PALACE AT POTSDAM, AND CATHEDRAL.





PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.



BEDROOM.



PRINCESS LOUISE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.



BOUDOIR.



OLD SCHOOL-ROOM.

PRIVATE APARTMENTS OF THE TWO YOUNG PRINCESSES, CUMBERLAND LODGE.



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT WINDSOR: THE BRIDESMAIDS.



LADY ELIZABETH MEADE.



LADY EMILY CADOGAN.



LADY EDITH WARD.



LADY MABEL EGERTON.



THE HON. BEATRICE BRIDGEMAN.



LADY ESTHER GORE.



WEDDING PRESENTS AT CUMBERLAND LODGE.



THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

What a comfort it is that in this troublesome world the doings of a few lads with balls and bats can still delight us, renewing the youth of the oldest, and making the gravest feel like boys again! This is the best merit of English games; they are a fountain of youth such as no other people possess. In France we see the worthy elder Dumas proudly recounting the amours of his son, and taking his *can de Jouvence* in that form. It is pleasanter to hear the British parent brag of his boy's fielding or batting or bowling—pleasanter and really, after all, more moral and more manly. This novel and elevating reflection may excuse so much talk about a match now as dead and gone as those of Marsham's or even of Wordsworth's years.

CONJECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2484 received from Hereward, J. D. Tucker, J. P. Moon, E. E. H. Cumberbatch, Den, W. R. P. L. Schin, Martin, J. W. Gifford, John, T. Roberts, J. Dixon, E. P. Vulliamy, D. McCoy (Galway), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), B. D. Knox, W. R. Baitell, R. L. Musgrave, G. W. W. Wright, N. Harris, C. Perugini, T. G. (Ware), J. Coad, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), E. Bygott, E. London, H. S. B. (Ben Rhymden), R. H. Brooks, A. Gwinner, A. Newman, G. Joicey, Miss-Nisa Anshu, Mrs. G. M. A. B. Sorrento (Dawlish), M. Burke, Mrs. Milson (Falmouth), R. Walters (Canterbury), L. Desanges (Siena), R. F. St. C. E. H. (Clifton), and Subscribers.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2462.—By W. BARRETT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K R 2nd	Q takes B
2. Q to B 4th (ch)	K to B 6th
3. K to R 2nd. Mate.	

If Black play 1. K to K 5th, 2. B takes Q; if 1. K to B 4th, 2. Q takes Q; 2. K to Kt 3rd, 3. Q to B 7th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2466.

By P. G. L. F

BLACK.

The chessboard is an 8x8 grid with alternating shaded and unshaded squares. The pieces are as follows:

- White pieces (on the bottom row, rank 1): King on e1, Queen on d1, Rook on a1, Bishop on c1, Knight on b1, and Pawns on a2, b2, c2, d2, e2, f2, g2, h2.
- Black pieces (on the top row, rank 8): King on e8, Queen on d8, Rook on a8, Bishop on c8, Knight on b8, and Pawns on a7, b7, c7, d7, e7, f7, g7, h7.

WHITE TO PLAY, AND MATE IN TWO MOVES.			
CHESS IN LONDON			
Game played between Messrs. F. N. BRAUND and S. TINSLEY.			
(Ruy Lopez.)			
WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	28. Q to Q 2nd	Q to B 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	29. P to K 7th	P to K B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	B to K 3rd	30. K to R sq	K to R 2nd
4. Castles	Kt takes P	31. K to Kt sq	R to K Kt sq
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 3rd	32. K to R sq	B to B 3rd
6. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B	33. E to Kt sq	P to Q R 3rd
7. P takes P	Kt to Kt 2nd	BLACK makes a determined effort to change the drawish nature of the position, and a very interesting end-game ensues.	
8. Q to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	34. K to R sq	P to Kt 4th
9. Kt to Q 4th	Castles	35. P takes P	P to B 5th
10. R to Q sq	Q to K sq	36. P to Kt 6th (ch)	
11. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th	Best: for if R to K B 3rd, then P takes P, with winning chances.	
Mr. Steinitz gives note P to K R 3rd, and declares the game even.		37.	R takes P
12. B to B 4th	Kt to B 4th	37. R takes R	K takes R
13. B to Kt 3rd	R to Kt sq	38. Q to K 2nd	Q to B 4th
14. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	39. K to Kt sq	K to R 2nd
15. P to B 4th		40. K to B 2nd	Q to Kt 5th
Anterior, which, however, is not serious, as White can easily make over to B 5th, where it will be quite a match for the Rook.		41. Q takes Q	B takes Q
15.	Kt takes R	42. Kt takes P	B to Q 8th
16. R takes Kt	B to Q K 4th	43. Kt takes P	R to K 2nd
17. B to B 2nd	B takes R	44. Kt to R 5th	B takes P
18. B takes B	Q to K 3rd	45. Kt to B 6th	B to K 5th
19. R to K B sq	P to K B 4th	46. P to 5th	R to K Kt 2nd
20. Q to K 3rd	B to R 3rd	47. P to K 6th	
21. Kt to B 2nd	Q R to K sq	At first sight P to R 6th appears more promising, but upon examination it will be found it leads to a draw if opportunity be lost.	
22. R to Kt 4th	Q to R 3rd	48.	R takes P (ch)
23. Kt to B 5th		48. K to B sq	R to Kt sq
White, with the exchange minus, is naturally anxious to secure a draw against his formidable antagonist. It appears, however, that he might have safely captured the Q R P.		49. Kt to Q 7th	K to Kt 3rd
23.	B to B sq	50. Kt to B 6th	R to Q B 3rd
24. R to B 3rd	P to R 4th	51. P to K 7th	K to B 2nd
25. Q to Q 2nd	B to K 3rd	52. P to K 8th (a Q)	R takes Q
26. Q to R 5th	Q to B 2nd	53. K takes R	K takes K
27. R to Kt 3rd	Q to R 4th	Drawn Game.	

Simpson's Divan continues to be the centre of interest in the chess world at the moment. Some excellent games have been recorded, especially those in which Mr. Bird has taken part. This gentleman has fully justified the expectation formed of his abilities as a tourney player, and warrants bright hopes for his future. In his game with Mr. Bird, however, he found that master at his best; and, after a contest played with the greatest skill on both sides, the veteran, by an ingenious sacrifice, forced a victory when a draw seemed inevitable.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,  
JULY 11, 1891.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, *THICK EDITION, THREPPENCE*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, *THICK EDITION, THREPPENCE*; THIN EDITION, *Twopence*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, *THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Threppence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein wore a low-cut wedding dress, as is customary with royal brides. The dresses of her bridesmaids were also cut down at the throat. Her Highness's dress was of pure lustrous white satin, made with a rounded train, which was trimmed along with orange-blossom, interspersed with just enough of the dark-green leaves of the plant to vary the monotony of whiteness. The petticoat front was draped with a very beautiful Honiton lace flounce, the design of which was drawn by the Prince Consort; the pattern was of roses, ivy, and scrollwork. Over this fell ends from a hip-girdle of orange-blossom. There was a berthe of the same lace, combined with chiffon, and lace also formed epaulettes above small sleeves of billowy silk muslin.

Much disappointment was caused to a large circle, in London by the decision not to invite friends from town to the royal garden-party at Cumberland Lodge. The reason for that decision, however, could not be gainsaid. It was simply that the Lodge is so far from Windsor station that the difficulty of conveying a large number of guests to and fro was found insuperable. The home of Princess Christian lies in the heart of Windsor Great Park, some three miles from the station in the town. It is quiet beyond description on ordinary days, so much so as easily to account for the nervous depression under which its genial mistress has occasionally suffered. The two young Princesses, living in so isolated a spot, have been thrown on each other for companionship, and the elder, now left alone, will miss her sister and inseparable friend greatly. The young Princesses (between whom there is only two years difference in age) have always dressed alike, and shared every pleasure. Several of the trousseau gowns of Princess Louise have been repeated for Princess Victoria; but they must now be worn under different circumstances. The bride is not yet quite nineteen—her birthday falling on Aug. 12.

Lady Macdonald, widow of the late Premier of Canada, on whom her Majesty has conferred the dignity of a peerage, is a West Indian by birth. She was the daughter of Mr. Bernard, judge and member of the Governor's Council of Jamaica: and there Lady Macdonald was born, something like fifty years ago. She numbered less than half the years of her remarkable husband at the time that they were married, which was in 1867. The wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, for Mr. Macdonald, then Attorney-General of Upper Canada, was over here acting as Chairman of the Royal Commission which ended by arranging the Federation of British North America; and his bride's brother was his private secretary at that time. Lady Macdonald proved to the busy and clever politician a "helpmeet indeed." She is a woman of strong character and great ability, and has always had the reputation of being her husband's confidential adviser in affairs of State. She would attend the debates in the Canadian Parliament untiringly, and would sit up till daylight, if needful, when anything important was coming to the vote. At the same time, she was socially very popular—a grave and stately, but gracious, hostess. Her husband, who resembled Lord Beaconsfield in so many ways, carried the resemblance into his conjugal relations, never tiring of showing his wife honour and celebrating the debt which he owed to her for her personal care of himself and for her wisdom. Her Majesty has undoubtedly given his memory the honour that he would most have desired in ennobling his widow for his sake.

Though the visit of the German Emperor and Empress has given a temporary impetus to the highest circles of society, the end of the dulllest season on record is already at hand. Even Henley seemed to share in the general depression. Few very pretty gowns were made for it. A material well worn was alpaca. It is good for the special purpose, as it does not spoil with a spot of wet, and both looks and is cool. A pale-blue alpaca with guipure lace over yellow silk for yoke and cuffs was effective; so was an old pink trimmed with bands of white ribbon on the bodice and fluttering foot-knots to match. Delaine, mostly in floral designs, is another favourite fabric. Velvet ribbon comes out effectively on it as a trimming; one gown, with pale-brown flowers on a cream ground, looked very smart, trimmed with loops of pale-blue and yellow ribbon, by way of vest, with on either side a sort of sloped revers of guipure draped deep over the shoulders to give a pelerine effect. Foulard held its own, but serge was worn by a very great many on the river.

For the second year in succession a young lady (Miss Hester Russell, this year) has taken the highest place in the final examination for the M.B. degree of the Royal University of Ireland. Both these distinguished students were educated at the London School of Medicine for Women. Miss Philippa Fawcett has maintained her position in this year's tripos, being declared equal to the Senior Wrangler. It is not uninteresting to hear that Miss Elsie Windsor, who has come out first of her year in the mathematical tripos, is also tennis champion at Newnham.


Fairy lamps have established themselves as at once the most charming and most simple of table decorations, for which purpose they are used in the Queen's household. They are also famed as valuable aids to lighting dark corners, and for illuminating the conservatory, the garden, and the tent. For five years past visitors to the great July fête of the Royal Botanic Society have had an opportunity of seeing how effectively these lights alone illuminate the marquees; while those arranged on the great lake are a truly "fairylike" spectacle. But, notwithstanding the success that they have already gained the inventor, Mr. Clarke, is always introducing some novelty; and the show-rooms at 31, Ely Place, Holborn Viaduct, (which are illuminated for visitors every Tuesday and Friday) are constantly replenished with some new thing.

The latest development, the floral light, is even more charming in its effect than the familiar "Queen's Burmese" tinted ware, pretty as that is. The floral shades are made in glass, which is arranged to overlap like the petals of roses, water-lilies, or irises, and is delicately marked, as though veined. The shapes close in prettily towards the top, so as to recall the blossoms after which they are named. To use these, a little "Fairy light" is placed on the stand, and covered, in the first place, with an "inner shade" of diamond-cut glass of any colour liked, or white; then the floral shade goes over; and at once the most charming and unique effect is produced. The floral shades are made in various colours—white, citron-yellow, pink, red, and shaded blue and heliotrope. The tint of the inner shade can be varied at will, making a constant change in the general effect. Some of these new shades are quite white outside, and lined with tinted glass, which only becomes at all pronounced in colour just at the top, giving the same effect as is seen in La France and certain other lovely roses, where the heart of the flower blushes in the midst of its pale-tinted petals. An opalescent pink and a peacock blue thus tinted are particularly effective on the dinner-table. Some of these lamps are made up with light metalwork and glass frames, and tubes to hold flowers and ferns, and are fixed over looking-glass plateaux. The "water-lily set," thus made, forms the sole decoration for a dinner-table most effectively, and then may be set in the conservatory or on a landing ledge, where it looks like real flowers floating on water, mysteriously shining.




# CLARKE'S LAMPS

FOR THE BALL ROOM




## THE QUEEN OF LIGHTS



No. 332 ... 25/- each.


In Queen's Burmese Ware.  
"Fairy" size, plain ... 80/- each.  
" " decorated ... 100/- "



No. 331.  
"Fairy" Lamp, in various colours, 80/- each.




No. 332 ... 25/- each.

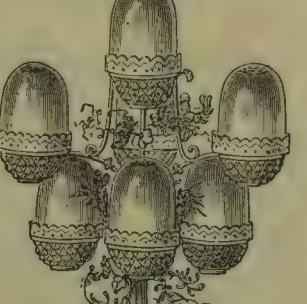


No. 133.


With Decorated Shades,  
In Queen's Burmese Ware,  
"Fairy" size, 8 6 each.




No. 133.



2-LIGHT, No. 177,  
In Queen's Burmese Ware.




3-LIGHT, No. 178,



4-LIGHT CENTRE,  
In Queen's Burmese Ware.  
"Fairy" size, decorated ... 63/- each.  
" " plain ... 54/- "

16" high

No. 194.




7-LIGHT (No. 249) CENTRE,



SOCIABLE.

AS USED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.





FAIRY LIGHTS

T. S. SULLMAN



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with ten codicils, of Mr. David Barclay Chapman, late of 33, Queen's Gate, and of Downshire House, Roehampton, who died on April 18, has been proved by Major Frederick Barclay Chapman and the Rev. Horace Chapman, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,015,000. The testator makes several bequests in favour of his wife, Mrs. Susannah Catherine Ogden Chapman, in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage settlements; and there are special bequests to children and grandchildren of large amount, and other legacies. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, for his six sons, David Ward, Peter Godfrey, Kyrle Alfred, Horace Edward, Frederick Barclay, and Spencer Chapman.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1883) with a codicil (dated Feb. 6, 1884), of Mr. William Andrew Guesdon, late of 8, The Terrace, Clapham Common, who died on April 4, has been proved by James Robert Laing, Edward Hunt, and William Astle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £393,000. The testator makes provision for his wife, and there are legacies and annuities to his sister, nieces, and others. The residue of his property is to be applied by his English executors to such philanthropic and charitable purposes in England, Wales, Scotland, and Tasmania, of a genuine catholic and unsectarian character, as they shall consider most deserving of support, preference being given to institutions having for their object the reclamation and education of the young of both sexes, and the relief of the destitute and starving.

The will (dated June 6, 1888), with two codicils (dated Feb. 18, 1890, and Feb. 13, 1891), of Sir John Hawkshaw, J.P., F.R.S., F.G.S., the eminent engineer, late of Belgrave Mansions, and Holycombe, Sussex, who died on June 2, has been proved by John Clarke Hawkshaw, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £218,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Institute of Civil Engineers; and other legacies. He makes special provision for his daughter, Mrs. Editha Heyman; his son Henry Paul Hawkshaw, and his granddaughter, Mrs. Marion Burton Jeffreys. The residue of his property he gives to his son John Clarke Hawkshaw.

The will (dated June 15, 1888), with four codicils (dated Nov. 14 and 29, 1889, and May 6 and June 9, 1890), of Mr. Frederick William Dolman, late of Thornbrake, 65, Addison Road, Kensington, and of Elm Croft, Parkstone, Dorsetshire, who died on May 18, was proved on June 21 by Mrs. Emma Dolman, the widow, and Colonel Hector Mackenzie, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £98,000. The testator gives the Mission-room and Workmen's Club at Seaford, Alverstoke, his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, and £250 to his wife, and which of his two residences she may select to her, for life or widowhood; he also gives her £1800 per annum for life, to be reduced to £500 per annum in the event of her marrying again; £25,000, upon trust, for his son Frederick Wood; £2000 to his executor, Colonel Mackenzie; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to raise out of the income, in succession, £25,000 for his son Lambert Edward, and £7000 for each of his daughters, Lily, Annie, Daisy, Jessie, and May, with an annual provision for each of them until their portions are respectively raised. One moiety of the ultimate residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his two sons, in equal shares, and the other moiety for his five daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1889) of Mr. James Liddle Fairless, late of Fairlawn, 70, Addison Road, Kensington, who died on March 27 at Mena House Hotel, Mena Ghezeh, Cairo, was proved on June 19 by Mrs. Sarah Mainwaring Fairless, the widow, and Miss Sarah Alice Fairless, the daughter, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £83,000. The testator gives his freehold house and two fields at Hexham, Northumberland, to his son, Thomas Kerr; £300, all his jewellery, liquors and consumable stores, and his stables and horses and carriages, to his wife; the furniture and effects at 70, Addison Road and 33, Gloucester Road, to his wife, for life; and at her death, 70, Addison Road and his furniture and effects to his daughters who may be spinsters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to the income, to pay £1000 per annum to his wife, for life, and during her life £350 per annum to his said son and £250 per annum to each of his four daughters, Sarah Alice, Katherine, Laura Ellen, and Madeline Ethelind, and the remainder of the income to his wife. At her death the ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares.

The will and codicil (both dated May 15, 1891) of Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., late of Kelston, Netherall Gardens, Hampstead, who died on May 15, have been proved by James Edward Miles, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £74,000. The testator gives his residence, with the furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife. As to the income of the residue of his property, £1000 per annum is to be paid to his daughter, Ethel, £500 per annum to his son Maurice, £250 per annum to his son Ernest, and the remainder to his wife, for life. At her death the residue is to go to his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 26, 1889), with a codicil (dated Dec. 8, 1890), of Lieutenant-General Henry Hope Crealock, C.B., C.M.G., late of 20, Victoria Square, Pimlico, who died on May 31, was proved on June 24 by Colonel John North Crealock, C.B., the brother, and the Rev. Salisbury James Murray Price, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £65,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Cancer Hospital (Fulham Road), to be called the "Squance Fund"; £100 each to the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society (Charing Cross), the Gordon Boys' Home (West End, Chobham), St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park Corner), the Lock Hospital and Asylum (Westbourne Green), and the Railway Benevolent Institution; £50 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; £7000, upon trust, for his said brother, for life, and then for his two sons as he shall appoint; £10,000, upon trust, for his sister, Anne Swain Price, for life, and then for her children; and numerous legacies to relatives, old comrades, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, the Rev. S. J. M. Price, and his niece, Edith Mary Karlake Price, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 8, 1886), with two codicils (dated Sept. 20, 1888, and May 12, 1890), of Mr. Henry Smith, J.P., late of Horbling, Lincolnshire, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on June 17 by Henry Smith, Benjamin Smith, and Edward Smith, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. There are specific gifts of freehold and leasehold properties to each of his four sons, Henry, Benjamin, Edward, and George; provision for each of his daughters; and legacies to his butler, coachman, and head gardener. The residue of his real and personal estate the testator leaves equally between his said four sons.

The will (dated March 10, 1891) of Mr. George Brown

Brown, late of 13, St. Germain's Place, Blackheath, who died on May 7, was proved on June 19 by David Evans, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator gives one third of his property to each of his sisters, Ellen Sheldermire and Sarah Evans; and one third to his nephew and nieces, the children of his late sister Anne Dunkin; the shares of his nieces to be settled upon them.

The will (dated March 16, 1886), with a codicil (dated July 29, 1890), of Mr. William Dawkins, late of Pembroke, who died on March 26, was proved on June 20 by John Dawkins, the brother, and Sydney Dawkins, Edwin Trayler, Jonas Nelson Trayler, and Edmund Augustus Warlow, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Wesleyan Worn-Out Ministers' Society; and £400 each to the Pembrokeshire and Haverfordwest Infirmary, the Wesleyan Home Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society, and the Pembroke Wesleyan Chapel. He makes provision for his wife, and there are many legacies and annuities to relatives and others, and specific devises of his share in various freehold properties to different members of his family. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to certain of his nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1889) of Mrs. Harriet Bacon, formerly of 12, Brunswick Square, Brighton, and late of The Priory, Norbury Park, Surrey, who died on May 11, was proved on June 11 by Thomas De la Garde Grissell, the nephew, and John Hopgood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testatrix gives the advowson and right of presentation of the Church of St. Mary-le-Tower, Ipswich, to her nephew, Thomas De la Garde Grissell, for life, and then to the bishop of the diocese; £5000 to the incumbent and churchwardens of the said church, the income to be paid to the incumbent; £3000 to the said incumbent and churchwardens, the income to be applied in repairing and keeping up the said Church of St. Mary-le-Tower and the parish-room or building, and in maintaining and paying the singing choir; £5000 to her niece Sarah Millicent Taylor; £2000 to each of the children of her late niece Mrs. Wilson; £1000 to each of her executors; £8000, upon trust, for her brother, Charles Edward James Leathes, for life, and then for his children as he shall appoint; £10,000, upon similar trusts, for her sister Eliza Millicent Grissell and her children; £5000, upon similar trusts, for her sister Mary Parker Leathes and her children; and other legacies. The ultimate residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her brother Philip Leathes, for life, and then for his children as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1882) of the Rev. William Cadman, Canon of Canterbury, Rector of Holy Trinity, Marylebone, and Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who died on May 12, was proved on June 22 by the Rev. William Snape Cadman, and John Montagu Cadman, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6901. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to such uses and upon such trusts as his wife shall appoint, and, in default of appointment, to his wife, for life, and then for his children.

The will of Colonel Robert Edward Turnour Richardson, retired Bengal Army, late of 102, Westbourne Grove, who died on May 29, was proved on June 20 by Lieutenant-General William John Gray and Lieutenant-Colonel William Nightingale, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000.

This Product has been tested by the leading  
Analysts of Great Britain, and pronounced  
"THE ONLY NATURAL CLEANSER."

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, SCRUBBING, POLISHING  
METALS, MARBLE,  
PAINT, CUTLERY,  
CROCKERY, MACHINERY,  
GLASSWARE, EARTHENWARE,  
WINDOWS, OIL-CLOTHS, BATHS,  
BRASS PLATES, STAIR-RODS.

For Washing Dishes and Cleaning all Kitchen  
Utensils.

For Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper Vessels, Fire  
Irons, Marble, Statuary, Floors, Mantels, and  
1000 things in Household, Shop, Factory, and  
on Shipboard.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

# Brooke's Soap

MONKEY BRAND



We're a capital couple the Moon and I,  
I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky:  
And we both declare, as half the world knows,  
Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES"



# ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

## USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell-street and Wilson-street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes:—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

## ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes:— "Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot in the night; it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about 7 o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ mile for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until 5 o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

## LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

## FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

## STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victoria," "The Strongest Lady in the World." "It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

## RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes:—"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

## SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman. "For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

## CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes:—"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

## SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

H. J. BURDEN, Esq., Peckham Harriers' Hon. Sec., writes:—"Used your Universal Embrocation for some time, and find it invaluable for sprains and stiffness."

## ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London. "I was recommended by my friend 'Victoria' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

## CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain. "I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

## RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford. "I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



FOR ACHES AND PAINS!

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."

ONE SHILLING AND THREE HALFPENCE.

"And it I will have, or I will have none." *Taming of the Shrew, Act IV. Sc. 3.*

# ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.



## PICTORIAL SPORTING ADVERTISEMENTS.

By JOHN STURGESS.

Suitable for framing.

19 Prints. Post Free for Two Shillings and Sixpence. Sent Abroad for P.O.O. for Three Shillings and Sixpence, or Foreign Stamps for Four Shillings. Apply to ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND. These are Artistic Sketches in Black and White, and look well when neatly Framed. Specimen Print Free.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

**ELLIMAN'S** For SPRAINS and CURBS, SPLINTS when forming, SPRUNG SINEWS, CAPPED HOCKS, OVER-REACHES, BRUISES and CUTS, BROKEN KNEES, SORE SHOULDERS, SORE THROATS, SORE BACKS, SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS, &c.

"I think it very useful." RUTLAND, Master of Belvoir Hounds.

"Indispensable in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds." HADDINGTON, Master of Berwickshire Hounds.

**ROYAL**

"I have used it for some time past, and find it very efficacious if properly applied." T. WALTON KNOLLES, Master of South Union Hunt (Ireland).

"If used frequently no blistering required." W. N. C. MARSHALL, Master of W. N. C. Marshall's Hounds.

FOR HORSES, CATTLE, AND DOGS.

From Mr. A. B. Sadler, Primrose Cottage, Newmarket.

SIRS.—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables with beneficial results. A. B. SADLER, Trainer.

From Mr. Alfred Hayhoe, Palace House, Newmarket.

SIRS.—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I find it most efficacious. ALFRED HAYHOE, Trainer.

From Mr. J. R. Humphreys, Stork House, Lamborne, Berkshire.

SIRS.—I have used your Embrocation for the last 10 years in my stables, and find it most useful in many ways. J. R. HUMPHREYS, Trainer.

From Mr. W. Waterman, Willow Grove Mews, Beverley.

SIRS.—I have used your Embrocation for many years, and always found it the best that I have used both for sprains and bad throats. W. WATERMAN, Trainer.

From Mr. Albert Wetherell, Westwood Stables, Beverley, Yorkshire.

SIRS.—I have used your Embrocation for the last 10 years, and think no stable should be without the same. ALBERT WETHERELL, Trainer.

From Mr. John Coates, Hawthorn Villa, Sedgfield.

SIRS.—I use your Embrocation regularly in my stables, and find it a very efficacious remedy for cuts, wounds, bruises, &c. JOHN COATES, Trainer.

Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.

**EMBROCATION,**

Prepared only by—

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., Slough, England

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION. "AND IT I WILL HAVE, OR I WILL HAVE NONE." *Taming of the Shrew, Act IV. Sc. 3.*



## OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

VII.

*A Letter from Henry Jenkins, philanthropist, to William Sikes, burglar, on the question of how the rich live.*

754, Berkeley Square, W.

My dear Bill,—You probably—together with the other members of our Society—have been waiting anxiously for my first report of my experiences in the West End. I may say at once that I think the Society for Superfluous Interference did very well when they sent me here. The misery is something awful, and it is time—high time—that something was done. If we are really philanthropists—if we are really anxious to superfluously interfere—if we are really trying, however humbly, to find out what someone does not want and persuade someone else to give it him—then we must go to work at once. Whitechapel must not forget Belgravia. The veriest millionaire is our brother. If he is burdened and weighed down by riches, then we must put aside all class prejudices and do our best to lighten that burden. It is this sordid wealth, with all the temptations that it brings with it, which we must try to remove. I know, my dear Bill, that you have already removed a good deal; you have done it quietly and unostentatiously; by night, when all have been sleeping, you have patiently gone your rounds, trying to alleviate some of this awful wealth. The police have always misunderstood you; but your actions were the result of your earnest convictions, just as your convictions, with varied terms of imprisonment, have only too often been the result of your

actions. But persevere: your work is much wanted in these parts.

I remember on one occasion, when the scum of the West End had drifted down to Whitechapel, that they seemed surprised at our method of living. "Seven families in one small room!" said one charitable duchess to me in horror. I smiled kindly, and turned the subject. I should never have been able to make her see how cosy and compact the arrangement was. There is nothing of the sort here—no happy mean between a crowd and sheer desolation. The crush at a social function is barbarous and unhealthy; on the other hand, there will often be only one small family to more than seven large rooms. There is nothing between the unsanitary and the unsociable. Do not condemn them hastily, my dear Bill. They have no one to teach them. We have left them alone too long.

We must, of course, be patient with them. I know that many a man has gone into the world noble and high-principled, and then—often from no fault of his own—riches have come upon him. He fights bravely on for a time, but he is thrown out of work, and becomes desperately bored. He does not know where to turn for his daily amusement. If he goes home, he knows that his wife and children will be there. He hates even to open his letters, fearing that, if he does so, he will be confronted with more invitations and more receipts for paid bills. Finally, he may be found drowned in the clamour of the House of Commons, with a letter to his dear wife in his pocket, telling the old sad story—"It is wealth which has driven me to this." Only the other day I was stopped in the street by an earl. He did not look like a beggar—in fact, he was tidily dressed. "You will excuse me,

Sir," he said, "but could you give me a little assistance? I've had nothing to do for six days, and I'm nearly desperate. If you could manage to amuse me a little"—But why should I go on? You can imagine the story. He had a family, and his wife got her living as a countess. It was heart-breaking.

We must answer this bitter cry. We must put our hands at once into other people's pockets, and take lavishly. I send you with this a little book of mine, which I have just completed: "Parkiest London, and the Way In: a Handbook for the Burglariously Inclined." I trust that it may be of service to you. We must do something. At present I know that you are doing six months, but afterwards I shall depend on your co-operation. There seem to be no soup-kitchens here and no public wash-houses, and the children do not attend the Board-schools.

I do not regret the trouble and the forged testimonials which procured me my situation here. I feel that the right place for the philanthropist is amid the sordid misery of the West End.—Yours philanthropically, HENRY JENKINS.

The Lord Mayor entertained the Archbishop of Canterbury and a representative gathering of the bishops and clergy of the Church of England at dinner at the Mansion House on July 1, nearly 300 guests being present. The Primate, in responding to the principal toast of the evening, remarked that the bishops, after much consideration, had come to the conclusion that the Government had done its best in framing the Education Bill to protect the interests of the voluntary schools.

WEDDING  
AND OTHER PRESENTS.

# MAPPIN BROTHERS

(THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810).

OUTFITS  
OF PLATE, CUTLERY,  
&c.

Only London Show Rooms

220, REGENT STREET, W.;  
66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's.)

The Public Supplied Direct by the actual Manufacturers.



Solid Silver Round Powder Box, finely Chased, 63s.

Illustrated  
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Registered Design Solid Silver Cloth Brush, 22s. 6d.

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Goods  
forwarded  
to the  
Country for  
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Solid Silver Mounted Toilet Bottle, with Fine Cut Glass, 27s. 6d.



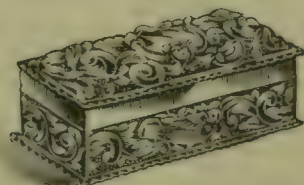
Solid Silver Hall-marked Pin Tray, 18s. 6d.

## BIRTHDAY GIFTS, &amp;c.

The largest and handsomest Stock  
in London of Solid Silver and  
Electro-Plate, &c.



Solid Silver Hall-marked Bonnet White, 22s. 6d.



Solid Silver Hall-marked Hair Pin Box, 46s.



Solid Silver Hall-marked Calendar Frame, 55s.



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Solid Silver Hall-marked Cabinet Photo Frame, 28s. 6d.

"A reputation of Eighty years  
for high quality and low prices."

**CAUTION.—MAPPIN BROTHERS' Goods can ONLY be obtained at**  
220, REGENT STREET, W.; 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; & QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

## DEBENHAM & FREEBODY. Annual Summer Sale.

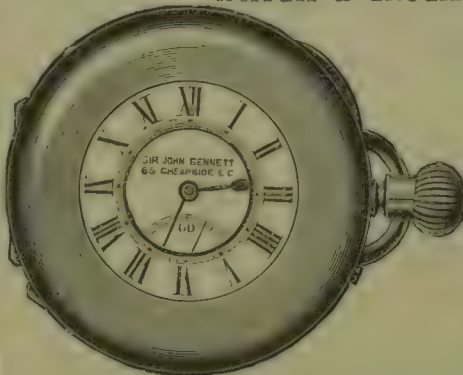
Debenham & Freebody beg to announce that their Annual Sale of the Season's Surplus Stock will commence on **Monday, July 6**, and be continued during the month.

## DEBENHAM & FREEBODY. RICH FUR-LINED CLOAKS.

Debenham & Freebody have purchased by Private Tender the Salvage Stock of Fur-lined Cloaks of Messrs. Revillon Frères (Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Paris) and will include in the Sale **316 CLOAKS** of the finest quality at about half the usual price. Detailed Catalogue on application.

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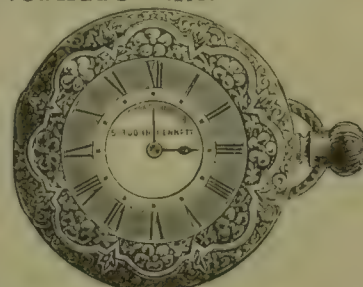
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## THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

The promoters of this new society, which is holding its first exhibition at the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, have good reason to be satisfied with the results of their efforts. The pictures have been hurriedly collected, and if undue prominence is given to the works of members who have come forward to cover the otherwise bare walls, it must be borne in mind that the committee at the outset were met with difficulties which required time to overcome—and this element was wanting, if the exhibition was to be opened within the short limits of the London season. The method of grouping each painter's work cannot be so easily excused or explained, especially as it conveys the idea that the number of works exhibited is in proportion to the amount of space paid for by each individual member. Moreover, it is seldom that one artist's work does not gain by contrast with another's rather than by comparison with other pictures from the same hand. This is well brought out in the case of Sir F. Leighton's portrait of Lady Coleridge, which is placed side by side with Bonnat's strong portrait of Alexandre Dumas, both gaining by the proximity. In like manner, we are able to appreciate better the refinement of Mr Whistler's portrait of his mother when seen beside the group of painters and *littérateurs* represented by M. Fantin-Latour as assembled in Manet's Atelier aux Batignolles.

The plan of the society restricts the exhibition to the works of living artists, and the portraits therefore are of living personages, more or less known to the world at large, and the obvious result of such a display should be to indicate the various schools of portrait painting which hold their ground among us. Sir John Millais is represented by the best portrait of Mr Gladstone which has ever appeared. It was originally the property of the Duke of Westminster, and has since passed into the hands of Sir Charles Tennant. Scarcely less perfect as a work of art is Mr. Luke Fildes's portrait of his wife in which stately grace and magnificent flesh painting are combined. Mr Pettie is not seen to advantage in either of his contributions; nor does Mr. Goodall's portrait of

his wife display the careful colouring which has characterised some of his more recent work. It must be admitted, too, that it is a foreigner among our own Academicians, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, who displays the widest range of style and imaginative power, as shown in treatments so dissimilar as those of Miss Grant and Mr. H. M. Stanley.

Among the younger artists, Mr. Blake Wirgman, the Hon. John Collier, and Mr. M'Lure Hamilton distinguish themselves, especially as painters of men. The ladies are best represented by Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. W. Llewellyn, and Mr. Hubert Vos; while the children may claim Mrs. Merritt and Mr. Sant as their best champions.

We have spoken only of names well known to the exhibition-frequenting public; but another claim which this society may, and probably will, put forward is that it will be the means of bringing into notice portrait painters whose work, often meritorious, passes unobserved in more catholic displays. Of such there are a few in the present exhibition, and in some instances they give promise of rising in the branch of the profession they have adopted. Among those who have already achieved a reputation, who are also well represented, are Mr. T. B. Kennington, Mr. W. R. Symonds, Mrs. Louise Jopling, Mr. Skipworth, Mr. Glazebrook, and Mr. Leslie Ward, all of whom contribute varied specimens of their powers and style.

Mr. Holman Hunt's long-delayed "May Day Morning" is at last completed, and is now on view at the Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond Street). It will attract many, and puzzle many, but will probably please but few. Mr. Holman Hunt is probably the last adherent to the doctrines of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which, by the help of Mr. Ruskin, was to revive English art, of which the watchword was to be "The true rather than the beautiful." To realise this aim, the ensemble was to be sacrificed to the details, the painter's duty was to instruct rather than to charm. In pursuing their self-imposed mission, the artists who formed the original group did much to rescue English art from the slovenliness which at

that time characterised the work of so many of its exponents; but, having effected this reformation, the majority of the brotherhood recognised the mistake of confusing the object in view with the means by which it was to be attained. The brotherhood was broken up, and each pursued his own ideal, following more or less the current of public taste. Mr. Holman Hunt, and, in a lesser degree, Mr. Madox Brown and Sir Noel Paton, withstood the temptation, and have remained steadfast in the faith of their youth. The present picture bears witness, in a marked degree, to the strength, as well as to the weakness, of the pre-Raphaelite method.

The subject is the singing of the "Hymnus Eucharisticus" on May Day morning on the top of Magdalen Tower—a ceremony which, perhaps, dates from early Druidical times, centuries before Magdalen Tower was built or Oxford existed. In its present form, the May Day singing dates from less than fifty years, but, in some form or another, it had been the custom for centuries for "the choral ministers of Magdalen College to salute Flora every year on the first of May, at four o'clock in the morning." In the picture, the summit of the tower is crowded with choristers in their surplices, who, with their faces towards the east (and the spectator), are in the act of singing the "Hymnus Eucharisticus." Behind stands a group made up of the President, Dr. Bloxam, Sir John Stainer, Dr. Bramley, Dr. Burdon Sanderson, and an old Parsee in picturesque garb, who quite naturally is joining in the devotions to the rising sun. The slanting roof of the tower, which is strewn with flowers, makes the grouping of the figures unusually difficult, and in dealing with this the artist has displayed a mastery of his art—but more than this we hesitate to say. The choice of the choristers was not a free one, and in obedience to the commands of truth he has represented them as they doubtless are—an unattractive collection of plain boys in stiff, ungainly attitudes. But Mr. Holman Hunt has gone further in his pursuit of the unbeautiful, and presents as central figure of the whole picture the plainest of the group with open mouth facing the spectator. Nor can anything else be said

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for the portrait group on the left, composed of well-known personages, whom their friends even will recognise with difficulty, although it includes one whose striking features might inspire any artist with a desire to depict them effectively. All these figures stand out against the soft rosy tints of the western sky just lighted up by the rising sun; and in the colouring and treatment of the early dawn Mr. Holman Hunt fully realises the expectations of those who recognise in him a master of atmospheric effect. Unfortunately, this beautifully iridescent sky is flecked with clouds which have the texture of Berlin wool, without gradation or inner light, and in this way the best part of the work is sadly marred. In a word, we have here the results of a theory pushed to its extreme logical limits, and, however much we may admire the courage displayed, we remain unconvinced by the conclusion to which the artist would lead us—"Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable."

Those only who appreciate academic drawing in its best sense will be satisfied with the collection of Professor Legros' drawings and etchings now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery (Vigo Street). Occasionally—but not often—as in the case of the "Death of the Woodcutter," Professor Legros attempts to make his pictures the vehicle of sentiment. He prefers to

study action and to convey force. He is a consummate master of line, and his pencil and graver seem never to suggest hesitation of thought or purpose. His work possesses in a large degree those qualities which French art of thirty years back displayed—from the want of which French art now suffers—and we may be permitted to hope that in no small measure is the progress of English drawing, as distinguished from painting, traceable to the influence and teaching of the Slade Professor and the Slade school.

At Messrs. Buck and Reid's Gallery (169, New Bond Street) is to be seen a small but interesting collection of the works of Mr. Hugh Carter, a well-known member of the Royal Institute. He is best known by his pathetic rendering of scenes in humble life; but this gathering of his pictures shows him to have a wider range of feeling and fancy; and in many cases his treatment of landscape is delicate and truthful. Mr. Hugh Carter, however, as a rule scarcely does justice to his own resources, for there are one or two Venetian studies in this room which show him to be quite capable of taking an individual line and of emancipating himself from the leading-strings of Israels and Artz. Scotch scenery and Scotch fisher-folk present elements which are eminently suited to Mr. Carter's style; and in several of the pictures here exhibited

it would seem as if he were turning in that direction for subjects and colouring.

The second series of pictures of "The Land of the Rising Sun," by Mr. John Varley, now to be seen at the Japanese Gallery (28, New Bond Street), fully maintains the reputation which this artist achieved by his previously exhibited works. In the majority of the pictures now brought together the colouring is more subdued than in the first series; but this is in some measure due to the season at which they were painted, as well as to the choice of subjects—the rice-fields of Kansaki, the banks of the Daiya River, and the Lotus Pools of Shiba.

In addition to the Japanese pictures of Mr. John Varley, there is a series of excellent studies, chiefly of North-country scenery, by Mr. Frank Ogilvie; but his most powerful work is a group of sailors discussing "a knotty point" raised by the chart of the Arctic Ocean and coast of Iceland lying before them. There is obvious trace of the influence of Professor Herkomer in the bold treatment of the three figures—with enough individuality to give assurance of the artist's future career. Mr. Arthur Waddle contributes some clever sketches of panthers and dogs; and Miss Campotosto sends a number of careful studies of poultry and farmyard denizens.

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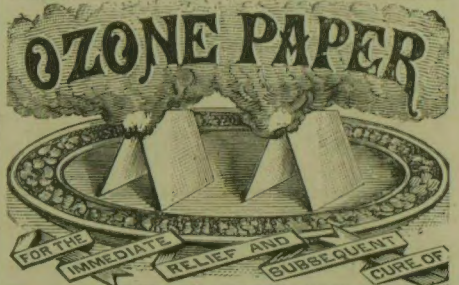
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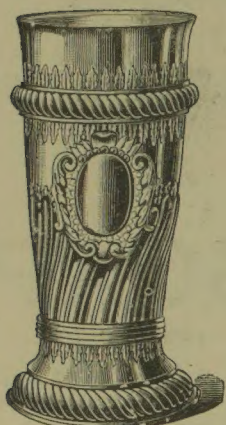
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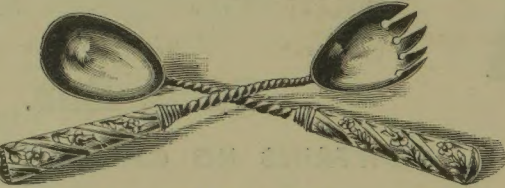
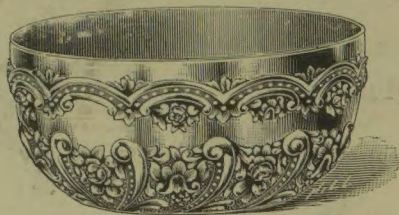
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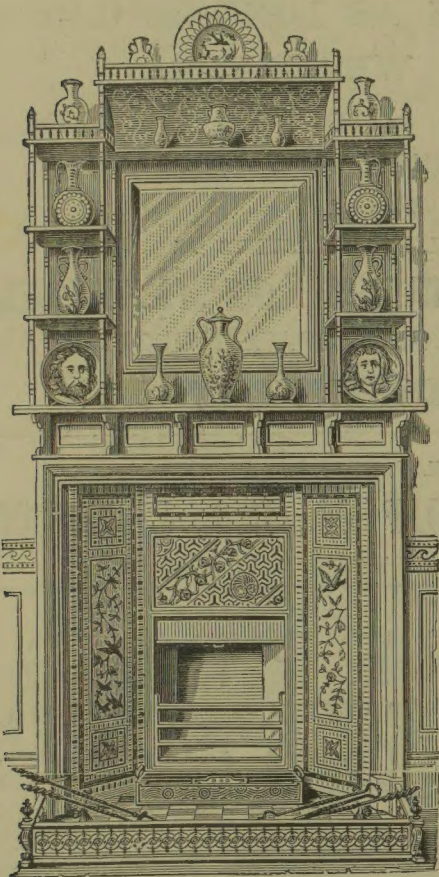


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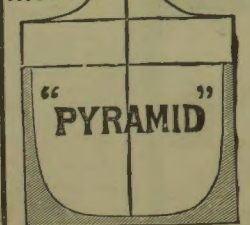
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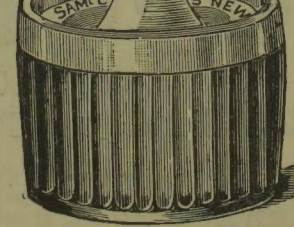
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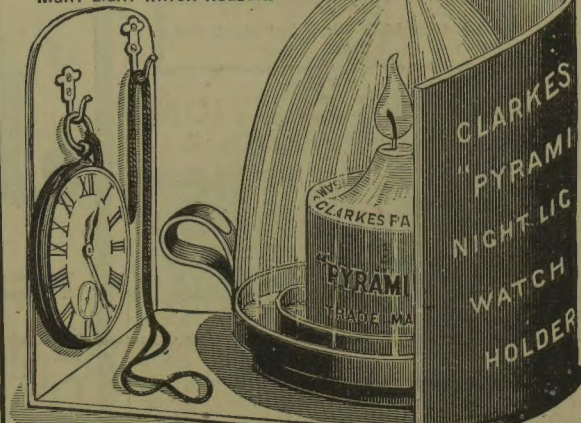
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